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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

With No. 215 of the *POLICE GAZETTE* we inaugurate an addition to our famous and popular series of "Footlight Favorites." Henceforth we shall present with each issue two portraits of our most popular and famous actors and actresses. By preserving them our readers will be able to form a theatrical picture gallery of inestimable interest and value, such as no American journal has ever yet had the enterprise to furnish. In this, as in other matters of importance to the public, the *POLICE GAZETTE* is, as usual, first in the field.

DEADWOOD clergymen attend lynchings to give respectability to the proceedings.

A REPORTER of a California free fight says: Colonel Barges was shot once in the left side, once in the right shoulder and once in the drinking saloon adjacent.

At a church revival at Camden, N. J., last Thursday night, a lady dropped dead when about to tell her "experience." Moral—Keep your tongue between your teeth.

GUITEAU takes high Christian ground and doesn't want talented Bob Ingersoll for his lawyer. He is afraid it would excite the prejudices of the Christians for an infidel to defend him.

A WHISKEY war has been inaugurated at the pleasant city of Decatur, Ill. An enthusiastic meeting was held, and a preacher of the suggestive name of Demmit delivered himself of an old time, rip-roaring temperance speech.

FEMALE robbers in Boston Mountains, Ark., have committed several daring highway robberies of late, and the married men in that section always tell their wives when they come home late that they have been attacked by female fiends.

ONE ex-Governor of South Carolina is being tried for murder in Ohio, and another is under bonds in New York on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. Statesmen will please take notice. It is demoralizing and dangerous to become a Governor of South Carolina.

In the case of the State against Michael Dwyer, in Wausau, Wis., accused for an assault with intent to commit rape, the jury found the defendant guilty, and Judge Parke sentenced him to State Prison for three years, July 31 of each year to be solitary confinement. This secures to him one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five in which to be thankful that he did not receive a more severe sentence.

A PENNSYLVANIA judge has decided that a corporation organized for marriage insurance—that is, for the payment of a sum of money to each member upon the occasion of his marriage—is of an immoral tendency and ought not to receive the sanction of the law. In refusing the application the Judge said: "Anything which induces parties to enter into the marriage relation through mercenary considerations strikes at the very foundations of human society and is necessarily injurious to the community. The large number of divorces annually granted by the courts of the several States has justly excited the alarm of thinking men of all classes. It does not require the pen of a prophet to foresee that the granting of corporate rights to associations for the purpose set forth in this application will largely increase the divorce business of the courts, and thus swell to a flood the stream of demoralization in this particular which already exists." The utterance of such sentiments as the foregoing from the judgment seat of a law court is decidedly novel and refreshing in this age of dollar worship.

NEAR Abilene, Kan., a few days ago a mother left her infant strapped in a chair in the summer kitchen. A wind storm came up suddenly. From a dead calm a gale arose in twenty seconds. At the first warning the mother hurried to look after her child, expecting to find the cherub quietly drinking the contents of its thumb. To her amazement and extreme horror she saw baby and basket, pots, pans and buckets flying promiscuously along with the tornado. The wind subsided almost as quickly as it had risen and the mother had the satisfaction of seeing it drop right side up in a pile of hay about 130 feet beyond the yard fence. She was much more gratified to see that the baby had sustained no serious injury. Its appetite was good immediately after the rescue.

A MAN hailing from Wisconsin, who concluded to locate in Tuscola county, Michigan, finding out that all goods shipped for the relief of the fire sufferers were shipped free, thought it would be a grand scheme for him to escape paying freight upon his household goods; so he boxed them up and on one end of the box placed his name on a card, and on top of the box he put on the words "relief" in large, black letters, and directed the several boxes to Cass City. It seems, however, that the freight traveled faster than he did, and upon its arrival at Cass City the relief committee immediately opened the boxes and proceeded to give out the stuff that was in them, and he just reached the place in time to see a man lugging off his clock—and it served him right.

BOB OBLENIS, a character of note in St. Louis, is dead. His father was a blue Presbyterian minister, his wife from a wealthy and respected family, and his own conduct was above reproach until he was about forty. Then he killed an enemy in a street encounter, and was sent to a penitentiary for twenty years. His wife bought a residence directly across the way from the gubernatorial house in Jefferson City, and labored with Governor after Governor to obtain a pardon, until the seventh granted one. But Oblenis did not turn to respectability. He became a gambler and leader of gamblers, exerting considerable political influence in St. Louis, and amassing a fortune. He died at seventy, soon after becoming a seemingly devout Christian.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, capitalists have had an experience in mining that has made them sick. One company put \$10,000 in a hole at Leadville that never brought them a nickel in return, and another invested \$20,000 in Leadville mines, and sent an agent to look after their interest. He made a number of investments, and when anything turned out big it was his own private venture; but when an investment turned out worthless it belonged to the company.

LEWISTON, Me., holds the young lady who was married on her fourth attempt. Three

times she had been engaged prior to her final betrothal. Her first affianced died of consumption. Her second was prostrated with small-pox, and died a few days before the time fixed for their marriage. Her third intended was accidentally drowned on the eve of their wedding day. Her fourth love lived to marry her a few days since.

Not long ago Constable Samuel Berry, of Phillipsburg, N. J., was given a warrant to serve on Mrs. John Worman. She refused to accompany him, and he employed force in pulling her down the steps. His knee struck her on the body and inflicted injuries which, as she was about to become a mother, caused the death of the child. Berry has been arrested on a charge of murder, and wishes he had never been an office-holder.

We will give ten dollars to the preacher who will write for the *Blade* the best essay descriptive of "God" and "Heaven," says the Kansas City *Blade*. The article shall contain not more than ten columns set in unlined primer and be published over his own signature. Evidently the *Blade* considers ministerial rot better than "patent insides."

In an action for divorce, brought in St. Paul, Minn., it is alleged that a prominent Methodist minister was unduly familiar with one of his flock at a conference meeting some years ago. The case is likely to produce a sensation when it comes to trial.

THE GENTLE COW

Gores a Woman to Death, Liberates the Pigs and Raises Havoc Generally.

Last week Mrs. Mary A. Kenny, a Bohemian woman residing near Dallas, Texas, was gored nearly to death by an infuriated cow. She was feeding chickens in her yard, when she saw the cow coming toward her. She dodged behind a chicken coop and took advantage of the little time during which the infuriated animal was demolishing the coop to try and get into the house, but was overtaken before she reached it. She ran under a pile of brush. The cow jumped on top of it and began to belch, paw and use her horns most vigorously to remove the brush. She was partially successful and pawed and hooked and bit the woman until she was apparently dead. The woman was picked up and carried into the house. The physician who attended her has no hopes of her recovery.

After the cow had gored Mrs. A. Kenny she tore the hog pen to pieces in a jiffy, and was giving the hogs chase when a man came along. She made a dive at him, but he escaped by climbing a tree. She then attacked another cow, twice her own size, and was about to kill her when two policemen and other white men and a darky, armed with guns and pistols, arrived on the scene. They stopped at the safe distance of 100 yards and began to shoot at her. Nearly all of them hit her, which only had the effect of making her more furious, and she ran at them. Each one shot her four or five times while she was coming, but she came on as if nothing had happened and made them hunt for places of safety. She then crossed the branch and attacked some cows grazing over in the bottom. The men followed and finally succeeded in killing her. Her hide was literally full of bullet holes.

A SENSATIONAL SUIT

In Prospective Over the Estate of a Once Well-Known Woman of Kansas City.

The inventory of the estate of Nellie Freeman, deceased, which was filed in the probate court, Kansas City, Mo., last week, is probably the forerunner of a very sensational law suit.

Five years ago Nellie Freeman, then known as Nellie Ward, was the queen of the demimonde in Kansas City. She owned and occupied an elegant brick house near the corner of Fourth and Wyandotte streets, and was the envy of all her companions. In the winter of 1878-79 she suddenly announced her determination to abandon her mode of life, and leave the city for Leadville, and before many days she closed up her house and departed.

A well-known sporting man named Jud Freeman left the city with her, and it was learned that the pair had been legally married. After remaining in Colorado, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman went to Texas, where she died last summer.

The appraisers of the property of the deceased value the house and lot on Fourth street at \$5,000. They also report that \$11.75 in money, belonging to her, has been deposited in the Bank of Kansas City, and that \$125 rent for the house is due.

Freeman claims the property, but another claimant has turned up in the person of a sister of the deceased, living at Keokuk, Iowa, who will probably make a hard fight for her rights.

SEASONING.

THE farmer that ran rapidly through his property wore a red shirt and had his bridle bull behind him.

"KISSING your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough."

THERE is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.

"GESTICULATION," says an eminent actor, "is fast becoming a lost art." He probably never saw Talmage fanning with an imaginary lobster.

SHERIDAN says an oyster may be crossed in love, and rumor has it that a mosquito was actually mashed last week on a Fifth Avenue tulle.

A BALTIMORE paper says: "Pigs will be pigs this year." Very glad to hear it. For some time past a good many of them have been street-car passengers.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady, "a real y-male family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

"You are very handsome," said a gentleman to a lady. "Ah," said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

A LITTLE boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations. After thinking a moment he said: "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation that I've got."

YOUNG lady: "Is there anything that will remove a mustache from a girl's lip?" There is. An ugly old man will sometimes yank it away and sling its owner over the fence. But it will come there again, you bet.

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

BIG BROTHER: "Say, sis, if that lover of yours don't bring around better cigars you must switch off, these are no good. When I go to call on another fellow's sister I have to take good cigars, and hang me I want 'em back."

SPEAKING of Mr. Forbes' lecture on "Kings I Have Met," a Western paper says that some day he will come across three kings and a pair of sevens and then he will learn something about the really great resources of this country.

BILLY's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she might spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

"My darling," he said, "let me, ah, let me share all your life burdens forever." "Share 'em!" she exclaimed, "yes, you can have 'em all and you can begin by going out in the rain and milking three cows;" and his affection for the country maid filtered out at the ends of his fingers.

THIS confounded slang does raise the very mischief. When a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of those wooden contrivances to smash potatoes and said, "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office boy, started to attend to her.

"Don't you know that it is a felony to steal a pocket-book out of a gentleman's pocket?" asked an Austin justice of a hard case. "Yes, I know it, Judge, but dat ar pocket-book bulged out so at the sides that I b'lieve you has so much speeret in yor dat yer would hab made a break for it yerself, Judge, if nobody was watching yer."

A FOND uncle, who is traveling home with his nephew, a very small boy, says to him: "I dare say when I take you home again, Charlie, your mother will have a nice present for you. What would you like best, my boy, a little brother or a little sister?" Charlie, after some hesitation, "Well, if it makes no difference to ma, I'd rather have a little pony."

"I MAINTAIN," said Mr. Quillhopper, excitedly, "that no man has been in such a horrible predicament that he could not be in a worse." "That's all nonsense," answered the blonde young man; "a relative of mine was once on the sea in an open boat for ten days with nothing to eat; on the eleventh day he was so hungry he had to eat his own shoes; what could be worse than that?" "Well," said Mr. Q., slowly, "he might have had to eat some one else's." The blonde young man wilted.

Two footsteps sound

In a dim-lit hall,
A smacking kiss,
An unearthly squall;
And a man came out
From behind the door,
And kicked himself
And softly swore.
"Good Lord," said he,
"What an awful plant,
To kiss in the dark
Your maiden aunt!"

"FATHER," began a young Detroitter the other evening, "were you in the war?" "Yes, my son." "Was it awful?" "Yes." "Lots of dead and wounded men?" "Yes." "Did you kill many?" "Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question." "Are you very modest, pa?" "I hope I am too modest to brag." "That was what Mr. Smith meant, then, when he was telling the men down at the drug store that you hadn't any war record to brag of." "He did, eh? Smith is a liar." "That's what I thought. He told the men that you ran so fast he couldn't catch you on horseback, and any boy knows that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee."

"A MORE shocking spectacle," exclaimed the indignant old lady, "I never beheld!" The simple fact was that she had surprised Julia's lover in the act of depositing his head upon Julia's shoulder, a proceeding to which the young lady was making no visible resistance. Mrs. Morrowfat has very strict notions of propriety and went on to say: "That a daughter of mine should be capable of permitting such liberty almost freezes my blood to think of. How do you explain it, Julia?" Julia suffers her parent to cool off a little and then, with a countenance as undisturbed as that of the bronze gladiator on the mantel piece, haughtily says: "Mother, you do both Frank and me an injustice. We weren't making love at all. I had complained of a pain in my chest and he was only sounding my lungs."

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE
RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

She eloped with a young man by the name of Frazer and went to St. Louis, where she lived for a short time as his mistress. He deserted her, just as she began to realize her terrible mistake. Several times she started for home, but turned back, ashamed to face the fond father and mother she had disgraced. Realizing that she was an outcast from society, she resolved to remain so, and accordingly came on to New York and entered one of the most fashionable bagnios in the city.

After a short residence there she became the mistress of a prominent merchant and politician. Her splendid form and physical beauty attracted numerous admirers, so that after a few years she forsook her merchant lover and opened a house which was the resort of gay and wealthy people. During the war among her patrons were many of the leading military men of the country, as well as statesmen occupying high positions in the affairs of the government.

The following story is related as an illustration of Polly's spirit and courage: While the rebellion was at its height a well-known New York general, who occupied first place in her affections, was taken prisoner and conveyed to Libby Prison. While reading the war dispatches in one of the evening papers she learned of this fact, and without a minute's thought made her preparations to go to his rescue. She told no one of her intentions, simply satisfying her associates who were curious as to the cause of her going away by telling them that she had received intelligence that a dear friend was dying in Chicago, and that she desired to see her before she breathed her last.

That evening found her speeding on her way to Washington. Arrived there, she succeeded in getting a pass to the front. By a most daring piece of strategy she made her way through the lines into the enemy's camp. Here she was arrested as a spy and confined for a few days in a guard-house. Her gallant guardians were not so loyal to their duty that they were proof against the wiles of a beautiful woman. She excited their sympathy by her protestations of innocence and her asseverations that she loved the cause they were fighting for as dearly as she loved her life.

"Taffy" of this nature, judiciously spread on, made her custodians very lax in the watch they kept over the artful Polly. They were willing she should escape, but she must not let them see her do it. At the first opportunity she obliged them, and started off in the night, not knowing whither she was going. Meeting an old negro in the road, she secured him at a small sum to act as her guide. They traveled all night and just at daybreak reached a station on the railroad, twenty miles from the Confederate capital. Before nine o'clock in the forenoon she was at her destination, wearied and sore in body, but still firm in the purpose for which she came.

After resting a day and night she began to reconnoiter the place where her lover was confined. The solidly-constructed and gloomy old tobacco warehouse, which became famous as Libby Prison, was surrounded on all sides by soldiers, why were evidently too devoted to their cause to be swayed by a hair's breadth from their duty. Indeed, so zealous were they that they did not hesitate to perpetrate acts upon their charges that tarnished the fair fame of Southern chivalry and made it a thing of ridicule and contempt.

Polly soon came to the conclusion that her only way to get inside was to resort to trickery. She went back to her hotel and before the day was over began a flirtation with an officer high in command. He became infatuated with her, and when he made advances to an acquaintance was met more than half way. Before three days were passed she received a pass from him to enter the prison. It was renewed from day to day, and General—was treated by the fair Polly to food and beverages that would have delighted the palate of an epicure, let alone a prisoner whose daintiest food was "salt horse" and stale bread. She managed to do this with such secrecy that she was never detected. Her Confederate lover never surmised for a moment the object of her visits. He believed her to be as fair and loyal a rebel as there was in Richmond. She attempted several times to effect the escape of her Northern lover, but found all schemes to that end impracticable.

After three weeks' stay an exchange of prisoners was made, and General—was among the number released. He discreetly left the city without Polly. Had her Confederate lover found out that she had made him her dupe it would probably have been serious for her welfare.

One fair night she shook the dust of Rich-

mond from her feet and left the gallant Southerner to mourn her absence and wonder at her mysterious disappearance.

Making her way back to New York, she again assumed charge of her palace of sin. Her exploit was published and served to make her a heroine. Prosperity smiled upon her more graciously than ever.

Alas, like thousands more she could not stand it. She began to have periodical sprees and while indulging in one would fairly throw her money away. These debauches soon marred her beauty and ruined her establishment. When this point in her downward career was reached she became more dissipated than ever. Instead of periodical "sprees" she became a chronic sot. Her mind became impaired and she was taken to the asylum on Blackwell's Island.

Here she made several attempts at suicide, declaring that she was too wicked to live. When foiled in her attempts at self-destruction she would fall upon her knees and pray for death to come and relieve her from the exquisite tortures of an overburdened conscience.

Finally she relapsed into the state described at the commencement of this article. She remained so for eight or nine months, and then the Potters' Field claimed her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAD GENIUS.

Charlotte Charke—originally Charlotte Ciber—was the youngest and most petted child of that pompous courtier Colley. A great man was Colley Ciber; one who loved flesh-pots passing well and adored the aristocracy; who held his head high among his fellows by reason of his talents, and even came to be admitted within the portals of White's club. By what irony of fate was one so punctilious and respectable cursed with such an olive-branch as Charlotte? Indeed, he was not lucky in his children; for his eldest daughter, if proper, was shrewish and evil-tempered, and his son Theophilus a grievous thorn; but it was in the person of Charlotte, the youngest, that the acme of disgrace was reached.

The first glimpse we have of Charlotte is odd and whimsical. At the age of four we find her marching up and down in a dry ditch at Twickenham with step as solemn as her ponderous papa's, to the admiration of a crowd of yokels; clad in a flapped waistcoat of his, a periwig whose knotted ends trailed on the ground behind, struggling under the weight of a court sword. And here, at the outset, we come upon the ruling passion which guided her crooked life; all her tastes and instincts were masculine, her desires and ambitions; but by some freak of nature, instead of a boy she was turned out a girl.

A few weeks later she made her triumphant entry into Twickenham, where Colley's villa was, astride on a young jackass, surrounded by all the ragamuffins in the neighborhood. Years made her worse instead of better. It was vain to hide her gun or lock the stable door. She studied physic; set up as a Lady Bountiful; ordered in a plentiful supply of drugs from the adjacent village, wherewithal to doctor the alms-house women. When Colley received the bill and roared and cursed, and forbade the apothecary to supply her, she made boluses of snails and brown sugar, ointment of chopped herbs and mutton fat and went on physicking all who trusted her as before.

A certain adventurer of the name of Charke came along and beheld a comely, unsuspecting girl of fifteen, who was overdeveloped for her years, and beset by vague and unconscious longings. He was aware that she was the favorite child of the great Colley, who, amongst other wonderful attributes, was patient of the great theatre in Drury Lane and said to be worth a plum. Charke was a musician who gave concerts, for which patronage was needed. The great Colley's influence might be most useful. He married Charlotte for it.

The girl had cause soon to regret her bargain. From morn till eve she was tracing her spouse through the hundreds of Drury, where resided many a wench who was frail as well as fair. Scenes of upbraiding and tears were followed by blows. The menage of the Charkes became a public scandal. The too seductive musician, wearied by his wife's chiding, wooed and won another blossom and took ship with it for the Indies, leaving his better half alone to go through the travail of a first confinement.

When she rose from her bed Charlotte seemed another woman. Mrs. Oldfield, who was about retiring from the stage, gave her some lessons and spoke highly of her mental parts.

The debutante appeared as Mademoiselle in "The Provoked Wife" and was pronounced promising. Then, in company with Quin, played Cleopatra, The Distressed Mother, and a host of tragic characters, without being hissed off; was appointed "chief female understudy" in Colley Ciber's theatre, with the mission of undertaking any part on shortest notice in case of any one of the regular company falling ill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A New York judge has decided that a "colossal liar and literary thief," applied to a dramatist, is not libel.

VILLAINOUS VOODOOISM.

Fatal Fetish of a South Carolina Conjuror—
Wonderful Credulity of Ignorant Negroes.

One of the most remarkable cases in criminal annals was tried in the Court of General Sessions of Sumter county, S. C., on last Wednesday. It was the case of the State vs. Henry Johnston for the murder of John Davis on the fifth day of last February. Both the prisoner and his victim were negroes, and the trial developed the system of voodooism, or fetichism, to which their race is still addicted in the Southern States. The prisoner before his trial made the following confession, which was put in evidence:

He stated that he was in love with the wife of the deceased, a woman near twenty-five years of age, the prisoner being about forty; that she repelled his advances, and he sought the aid of a conjurer, one Orange Isaacs, an aged negro. The so-called conjurer gave him a charm, known in the language of negro witchcraft as a "hand," composed of various articles, viz: beeswax, foxes' hair, a little sand from the shoe of the person to be acted on, and a drake's foot, all sewed up in a small cotton bag. He was told to wear it next to his skin, over his heart, for one week, and the woman would love him. He did so, and at the end of a week reported to the conjurer that the woman had confessed her love for him, but refused to accept him as her paramour unless her husband separated from her. The conjurer then gave Johnston another charm designed to alienate the husband from the wife. It was worn the prescribed time, but he reported that the woman and her husband continued to live happily together, and that the charm would not work. The conjurer replied that Davis must be possessed of a devil, and that he would give Johnston a charmed bullet, which he must put in his gun and fire at Davis's head as he passed from the wood in which he was working towards his home at sundown the next evening. Johnston objected that if he killed the man the law would hang him if he were found out. His fears on this head were allayed by the conjurer giving him another charm, which he said would be proof against the law, and that no judge or jury could convict him while he wore it upon the person. Thus fortified Johnston shot Davis through the head on the following evening, killing him instantly, and covered his body with leaves in the wood near the spot where he fell. He then proceeded to the house of the deceased and was received and welcomed by the widow, and domiciled himself in the place of the dead man.

The brother of the deceased, suspecting from his absence that he was the victim of foul play and finding Johnston in possession of his house, had him arrested on suspicion of murder. The body was found covered up as described on the fourth day after the killing. The prisoner confessed the deed as stated, and was placed on trial before Judge Mackey, at Sumpter, on Wednesday last. The trial drew an immense throng of negroes to the Court-House, where faith in the power of the conjurer satisfied them that the prisoner could not be evicted. His faith was strengthened by the fact that two of the jurors empanelled in the case, one a negro and the other a white man, were taken suddenly ill, and two others had to be substituted in their places. The jury, as finally organized, consisted of nine whites and three blacks. The prisoner was defended by Messrs. Barren & Beard, and the trial occupied the entire day. The jury were out but ten minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty. The verdict was received with exclamations of surprise by many of the negroes present. Judge Mackey, who is not sensitive to charms of the class described, at once proceeded to sentence the prisoner. In response to the question from the Judge, whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, the prisoner replied that he had had a fair and impartial trial, but there were powers at work which the jury could not understand, and intimated that those powers would yet interfere in his wife. He requested the Judge to give him as long a time to live as the law would permit, saying, with a very pertinent use of the *argumentum ad hominem*, "How would you like, your Honor, if you were in my place, to be hung in a hurry?" Judge Mackey, appreciating the force of this argument, sentenced him to be hanged on Friday, the 25th day of September next. The negro faith in their system of fetichism, or the power of charms has been strengthened by the fact that the sheriff of the county, a robust man in the prime of life, dropped dead within three hours after the prisoner was sentenced and a few minutes after he had expressed his abhorrence of performing the painful duty imposed upon him by law of executing the sentence. It should be stated to the credit of the prisoner that when informed of his death he wept bitterly.

A DASTARDLY DEED.

"Gouging the eye out of a fellow creature with an immortal soul as precious as your own is not the safest kind of recreation, William Leckner," said Judge Ferrier, of Erie, N. Y., to the culprit before him.

"Your Honor," said William, "if you will throw off the balance of the lecture I don't mind an extra dollar being put on the fine."

"If you were fifteen instead of fifty-six, Willie, I'd pack you off to the reform school for such levity," said his Honor, taking down his ready reckoner. "Um, three fours are twelve, and eight eights are sixty-four. Twelve dollars and sixty-four cents will restore you to society, William."

"Here is my check for the amount. Good morning."

"Not so fast, Mr. Leckner," said his Honor, "the Court would like you to swear you have this amount in the dime bank."

Mr. Leckner took the oath and was permitted to depart. While the presiding Judge of the second ward was eating his breakfast the thought struck him to go to that bank and cash the check. Upon reaching the bank he found his suspicions verified. Mr. Leckner was just coming out, having stopped payment.

His Honor was paralyzed. In all his judicial experience he had never experienced such a fiendish attempt to beat a poor hard-working magistrate out of his costs. But the just vengeance of the law followed swift upon the monster's heels. He was rearrested and jailed.

KANSAS TEMPERANCE.

Says the Chillicothe Constitution: One of our young men who now and then crosses the "dead-line" recently visited some relatives in Kansas, that temperance stronghold. The morning after his arrival at an uncle's he found himself quite thirsty and in the midst of a family that talked nothing but temperance. After breakfast his uncle went out to the barn and the boys to the hay field, leaving our young friend and his aunt alone at the house. After a little his aunt, a most tender lady, said to him:

"Well, Joe, we are all temperance people out here in Kansas, but I suppose you occasionally, back there in Chillicothe, take a little whisky, and it must go pretty hard with you to do without it, and you'd like to have a little, eh?"

"Indeed I would, my dear aunt," replied Joe.

"Well, as I said," replied his good aunt, "we are all temperance, but I keep a jug for my own use as a medicine, and I'll give you some but for the life of you don't you tell the old man nor the boys."

"That I won't," promised Joe, as he took a two-for-a-quarter pull at the jug. After a while Joe sauntered out to the barn, where, after a brief address on temperance, his uncle set out his private jug, and invited Joe to take a little, after pledging him not to mention it to the old woman nor the boys. Joe pretty soon found his way out to the hay field, where he found his cousins singing temperance hymns and putting up hay. One of the boys said:

"Well, Cousin Joe, we are all temperance folks in Kansas, but back in Missouri you folks use a little whisky, and as we keep a little under the hay stack to prevent hay fever, we'll give you some, but you must never tell the old folks!"

Joe says that by the time he made the rounds of his Kansas relatives he was as comfortably drunk as if he had struck a lot of candidates in a fusion campaign.

A BULLET-PROOF ARKANSAS MAN.

Some time since a Detroitier went to Arkansas to look up some property left by will, and in his wanderings he put up one night with a farmer who hadn't much to brag of in the way of a house. There was only one big room with a garret above, and when it came bed-time the Detroitier was packed away under the roof. While he met with no adventure worth recording, he knew that he was in a section where every man is expected to look out for himself. Therefore, before going to sleep, he put his revolver under his pillow and made up his mind what to do in an emergency. About midnight the emergency arrived. The Wolverine heard some one in his room, and he reasoned that robbery and murder could be the only excuse. Out came the revolver and blazed away at a dim figure until he had fired six bullets. After the last one a voice inquired:

"Stranger, have you got through shooting?"

"Who is it, and what do you want?" demanded the traveler.

"It's me," replied the farmer. "The old woman's got a toothache and she can't rest and I cum ter ask ye fur a pinch of that fine-cut tobacco as a remedy. I was jest goin' to speak when yer blazed away with yer pop-gun."

"And I might have killed you."

"Yes, one chance in a million, say, stranger, let me give ye a piece of advice."

"Well,"

"Trade that pop-gun of yours for a fifteen-cent drink and buy ye a knife. When ye lit with a knife the splinters has got to fly, but when ye be in' shootin' with sich iron as that yer art ter spoil all the old woman's red corners, or shoot yer own thumbs off. The fellers round here have been poppin' away at me fur three years back, and the only damage they ever did was to knock a hind button off my coat."



"TAR-TAR, DEAR."

THE VIGOROUS AND UNPLEASANT SALUTATION A BUFFALO WOMAN EXTENDED THE RIVAL WHOSE CHARM HAD DIS-COUNTED HER OWN.

perance man, has never used liquor in any shape, neither does he use tobacco in any form.

Daily has a record of saving twenty-eight lives from death by drowning. He has received from many of them hearty thanks. Among some of his most daring rescues is that of Samuel Marks, Sacramento: the



HENRY B. WHITE,

CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLING \$20,000 IN BOSTON, MASS.



DRUBBED IN HER DRESSING ROOM.

HOW A JEALOUS BILLIARDIST REPROVED HIS LADY LOVE FOR LOOK-ING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION FOR A HANDSOME MAN; NEW YORK CITY.

Captain James Dalton, Noted Pugilist, of Chicago.

In this week's issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* we publish a picture of Captain James Dalton, noted pugilist, of Chicago, Ill. Dalton is a nephew of the once noted Charley Gallagher, who whipped Tom Allen and was afterwards beaten by the latter for the heavy-weight championship of America. He was born April 26, 1853, stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighs 172 pounds untrained and 154 pounds when trained.

Dalton is a well-formed pugilist and possessed of great science. He has never fought in the ring, but he has figured in numerous glove contests. At Chicago, Ill., recently, he met John L. Sullivan, now matched to fight Paddy Ryan, in a glove contest and stood up in front of the Boston pugilist. Recently at his exhibition, at Chicago, he offered any pugilist in Illinois \$50 that would spar him four rounds, Queensbury rules. Tom Chandler accepted the offer, and Dalton and Chandler made a great set-to and Chandler had the best of the bout.

In the sporting department we publish a challenge from Dalton.

W. H. Daily, of Santa Cruz, Champion Swimmer of America.

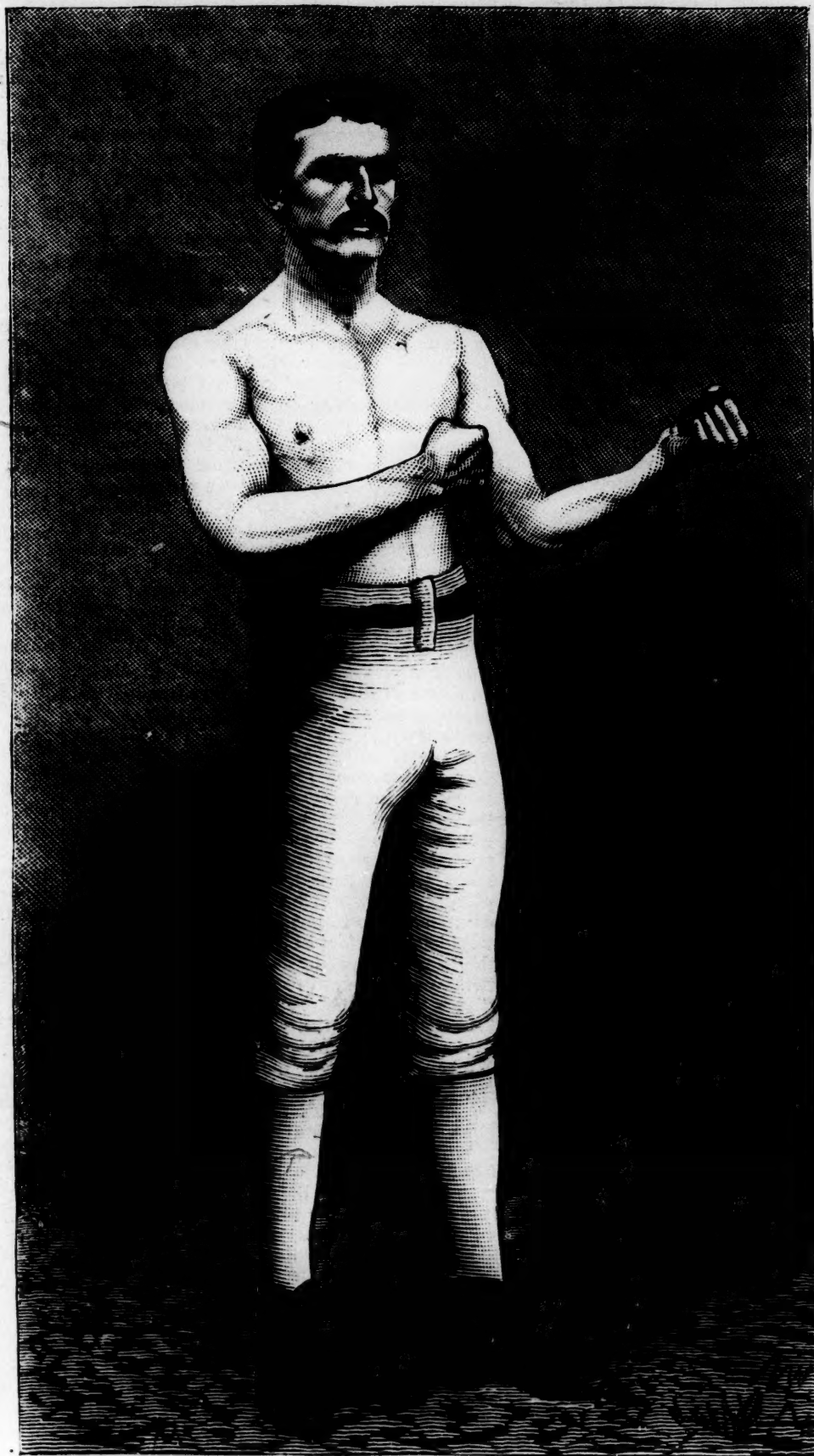
In this week's issue we publish a picture of W. H. Daily, of Santa Cruz, Cal., the champion swimmer of America, who is ready to meet any man in the world in a contest for \$1,000 a side and the championship, any distance from one to ten miles, providing they post \$250 with the *POLICE GAZETTE* and agree to forfeit that amount if they fail to go on with the match. Daily is a wonderful swimmer and possesses great courage. He is 6 feet in height, weighs, in winter, 210 pounds, which is reduced during his arduous work in the summer to 170 pounds. He is strictly a tem-

both. His memorable exploit of diving from the high rocks at Soquel, and his swim of half a mile to secure the body of Dr. Putnam, is well remembered there. Mr. Lichenstein, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Cole, Miss Esther Simmonds, San Francisco; Mr. Rumpf, Philadelphia; Mr. Williams, London, Mrs. Mason, Oakland, are some of his most noticeable rescues. This summer his successful saving of John DeWolfe was witnessed by several hundred people on the beach, and later his rescue of Miss Enright, of San Jose, are fresh in the minds of all. His

assistance in time to save Miss Bowen and Mrs. Cope prevented, no doubt, a serious calamity in either case.

Daily has proved himself a courageous man, and as he is both brave and skillful we hope that he may be encouraged to save still many more lives.

As there are so many champion swimmers some of them should accept his challenge and arrange a match, for there is not the least doubt but that he means match-making and business.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING-MEN.
CAPT. JAMES DALTON,

CHAMPION PUGILIST OF CHICAGO, ILL.; HAS CHALLENGED MC'CLELLAN AND ROOKE FOR \$1,000 A SIDE.

Frank Du Pree, Champion Short-Distance Walker, of New Mexico.

Frank Du Pree, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a son of Madame Du Pree, the famous female pedestrian. He is only 18 years of age and has won numerous races at Muscatine, Iowa, Nebraska City, Canton, Ill., and Pine Bluff. He is a fast walker, and it is claimed that Du Pree can walk one mile in 6m. 39s. He has a standing challenge to walk any man in the Territories from one to ten miles for \$1,000.

Henry B. White.

Henry B. White was arrested in New York last Monday by Detectives Dearborn and Chapman, of Boston. White is charged with embezzling \$20,000 belonging to the Shoe and Leather Insurance Company of Boston. He had been the secretary of the company ever since its incorporation in 1872. He is said to belong to a highly respectable Boston family.

Tarred by a Jealous Wife.

Great excitement was created shortly after 8 o'clock Friday night at the corner of Main and Court streets, Buffalo, N. Y., by a woman suddenly throwing a pail of warm tar into the face of another lady who was passing, and who proved to be Mrs. Pearsal of 231 Elliott street. The hot tar completely covered the



W. H. DAILY,

CHAMPION SWIMMER OF SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.



FRANK DU PREE,

CHAMPION SHORT-DISTANCE WALKER OF NEW MEXICO.

lady's face, pasted down her hair and trickled down her back. Her assailant was learned to be a Mrs. Marsh, of 62 Sixth street, and at 10 o'clock she was arrested and locked up at station 3.

To a reporter Mrs. Pearsal said: "The cause of Mrs. Marsh's assault is a totally unfounded jealousy of me in regard to her husband, whom I have only seen once when she was not present. Last Friday evening I was walking up Court street. I had just got in front of the lamp post by the peanut stand when Mrs. Marsh met me. I did not see the dipper, but she said, 'Take that,' and then threw it into my face. I fell and was assisted home and afterwards made complaint against her. I shall carry the matter to the full extent of the law."

Mr. Marsh said: "The cause of this quarrel is a totally unfounded jealousy on the part of my wife. I have only met Mrs. Pearsal once except at my house when my wife was present—and that was by accident. I cannot imagine what should make Mrs. Marsh act so strangely, though a jealous woman is about the same thing as an insane woman. I think there will be no further trouble."

Negro Hunting With Dogs.

Negro hunting with blood-hounds still pre-



RIDING DOUBLE FOR FREEDOM.

HOW A BRACE OF BANK THIEVES GOT OVER THE DRAWBACK OF A SHOT HORSE AND FOILED A CASHIER'S MARKSMANSHIP; JERSEYVILLE, ILL.

sooner will the State emerge to civilization. But so long as the present practice is permitted, so long will the lone star state be regarded as dangerous for law-abiding citizens.

Choosing For Herself.

A number of people assembled recently at the home of Mr. E. M. Ward, No. 5 Jackson street, Cleveland, to witness the marriage of Mr. William Windsor, of Chicago, and Miss Minnie Camp, Mr. Ward's step-daughter. Everything was ready for the ceremony except that the bride was mysteriously absent. After waiting until nine o'clock a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the bride had married another man, Mr. James W. Bell. The young wife, a pretty brunette, gives the following explanation: "I was forced by my mother to engage myself to Mr. Windsor a year ago but I could not like him. In the meantime I made Mr. Bell's acquaintance and we made up our minds to marry."

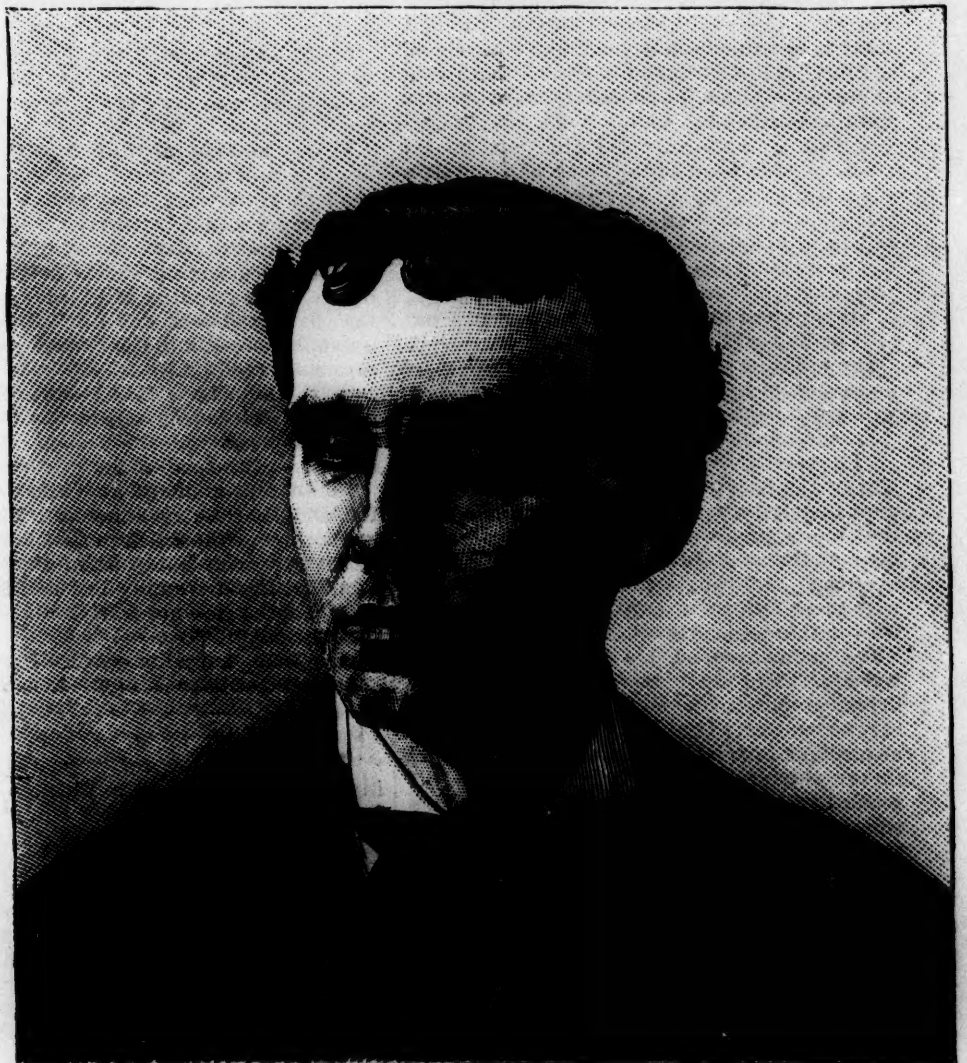
Fleeing from Bullets.

Charles Clay and John Burrus went into Wesley Park & Son's bank, in Jerseyville, Ill., at 8 o'clock last Thursday morning, and at the



MRS. MARY F. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

[Photo. by Mora.]



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

[Photo. by Mora.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

vails in Texas, and according to all accounts is highly exciting. Recently a negro woman charged with theft made her escape from custody at Oglesby, and before she was missed got a four-hour start. The deputy sheriff put a pair of hounds on her track, and they soon struck the trail and were off like lightning. The pursuing party followed on horseback, and a long chase was begun. After some hard riding the loud baying of the hounds were heard, and putting spurs to their horses, the officers arrived just in time to prevent the girl and her baby from being torn to pieces by the brutes. The practice is a relic of the slavery days and should be abolished. We believe Texas is the only state where the dogs are used, and the sooner the use of the dogs is made a crime, the



WOMAN HUNTING WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

THE PECULIAR FASHION IN WHICH TEXAN CHIVALRY TESTIFIES ITS YEARNING FOR FEMININE SOCIETY; BUT SHE WAS "ONLY A NIGGER."

muzzle of two revolvers compelled Mr. Park to open the safe and give them \$3,500. The robbers then mounted their horses and rode away. Park followed them to the street and fired on them, killing one of their horses. The dismounted robber got on the horse of his pal and they both rode off together. Sheriff Mason and posse is now scouring the county for the robbers, who, it is said, cannot escape. As yet, however, no trace of the bold robbers has been found, and the bank officials are discussing the advisability of charging what the robbers took to profit and loss.

Mr. Park seriously regrets that his bullet went wide of the mark and attributes his poor aim to nervous excitement. We advise him to practice more.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Copper Tom's" Death.

In '67 Jake Poole was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer and a "jerky" in winter seventy miles a day through the wildest region and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—for it was little else than a trail—was totally uninhabited but for three stations, where horses were changed and which were dug-outs or log huts, twenty miles apart.

One muggy morning in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and messenger, and passengers if there should be any for Helena, the Wells, Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot-brake, Poole descended from his perch and entered the office.

The agent shut the door behind him, then drawing near he said in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe to take over to-day."

"All right," responded Jake, "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, "Dick's sick and there is no messenger."

"Ah," said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolver which hung at his belt, "I'll be messenger and coachman both, then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear, "'Copper Tom' and his pal, 'Old Jim,' are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Poole whistled long and low and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana, a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rigs."

"I must," said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol; I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through the safe shall."

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger, an old woman to be left at the first station, got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and amid a shower of mud disappeared down the mountain road.

Soon station two was reached, where horses were changed and where Poole dined. As he mounted the box and prepared to depart the keeper of the station slipped from his dug-out and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road apiece'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom, I'll keep my eyes open. So long."

The fresh steeds in harness sprang quickly forward and the empty coach whirled away.

Some five minutes passed, when in the shadow of a great pine which grew near the trail Jack espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near the man bestirred himself and slowly rose.

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, far I'm too old to tramp as I used to an' too poor to pay fur a ride. Kin ye give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betokened poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot. Old he surely was, for his withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes could not be well disguised.

Jake drew his reins and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes; be lively and climb up here. I'm behind time now."

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson."

The grade was sharply descending now and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Poole desired and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer—a-drivin'—purty—fast!" screamed the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll—hev—to hold-up—at—the-pass—I—reckon!"

The granite walls of the pass were now just before them and the roadway, descending and

steep, ran in the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening, a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself.

"I won't hold up." And with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half-way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beesting wall of rock upon one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man.

"Copper Tom" was awaiting his quarry.

The old man at Poole's side uttered a cry and loosening his grasp on the seat with one hand he would have thrust it into his bosom, but the other leaned suddenly towards him, and, pressing a revolver against his forehead, whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hand! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye. I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Poole nor his load this time. Down with yer hand!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side, his face grew ashen hued and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching "Copper Tom."

For an instant, as they drew near, that worthystood facing them; through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended, he saw the stern, set face of the driver, he saw the furlous horses plunging down upon him and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled.

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape, could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoofs behind him, narrower and narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a terrible, despairing cry mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something went down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass, into the canon beneath and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jake Poole pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers and said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff. It's Old Jim, the road agent. His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the pass; this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin. There's too much risk about the business for me."

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but keeps a public house in Helena.

On a Sleeping Car.

"Funny experiences?" repeated the sleeping car conductor on a Chicago train to a *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter. "You wouldn't ask me that if you knew anything about the business. Funny's no name for it. Why, in that very berth of yours, not a week ago, a gentleman tried to cut his throat. He came in on a ticket from the depot, took his clothes off, laid in a drink from a bottle, gave the porter a quarter and turned in. The curtains were drawn, and there he laid as quiet as a mouse, till about 2 A. M. Then a brakeman went through with a lantern to tend to the stern lights, and saw a hand hanging over the side of the berth. It was all covered with blood, and when we looked in we saw the man laid out on his back, with a gash in his throat, his mouth and eyes wide open and the whiskey flask in his other hand. He wasn't near dead, though, and we sent him to the hospital at Cleveland, where he lived. The idea of a man taking a drink and then trying to kill himself! I always feel like living long enough to take another drink, I do."

Accepting this as a hint the reporter handed out his official flask (carried only for occasions of emergency) and as the porter hauled his pantaloons off for him asked if any man had ever succeeded in committing suicide in his car.

"No," responded the conductor. "But a woman did once. Poor thing! She was a young woman and a beautiful one. I was on a sleeper between Omaha and St. Louis then. She came in on a through ticket from San Francisco. She was worn out and tired-looking, but elegantly dressed, and with diamonds in her ears. At Council Bluffs she got a dispatch from the telegraph office. The operator brought it on the train, and came through asking if Mrs. Maddox was there. She jumped up, all smiles, seized the envelope, and gave him a dollar for bringing it to her. When I came along next, she was sitting on the edge of her berth, the picture of despair. Her hands were in her lap, and she was staring straight ahead of her without seeing anything. The dispatch was on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, but she grabbed me by the arm and snatched it herself. 'How dare you?' she said, 'send the stewardess to me.' Next morning the porter made up all the berths but hers, and as she did not show any signs of waking when we got to the end of the run, the woman who tended to the ladies went to rouse her. She was dead in the corner of her berth, with a little ivory and gold mounted revolver in her hand. In her mouth was the dispatch which she had chewed up. I read in the papers afterward that she was the wife of a rich old man in San Francisco, and had run away for an

actor she had met there. The dispatch was said to be from him, telling her he would not meet her as she expected, and that he was married and did not intend to see her again anyhow. The most pitiful part of it was at St. Louis. A colored woman brought a little six-year-old girl to the car, saying that the child belonged to the dead woman, who had sent it to her mother in the city on a visit and had telegraphed it to meet her, intending to take it with her to her lover."

A couple of travelers, black with the grim of travel and overloaded with satchels and packages, now came in from the public cars. They bargained for berths, and paid their two dollars apiece after no little haggling. Then they went into the wash-room to clean themselves, and the conductor said, grinning:

"There's two gentlemen, now, whose likes you meet every night on a sleeper. They're what we call bold-outs."

"Why do you call them that?"

"Because they commence the night with their minds made up not to waste money on a sleeper. They make themselves comfortable in their seats in the cars, and get ready to put in the night that way. Pretty soon they get cramped and fidgety. They hold out for a couple of hours, but at last they cave in. At midnight or thereabouts along they come, bag and baggage. 'Have you a berth?' they ask, in a sort of off-hand way. They get one, go to the tank and use up a gallon of water and muss up half a dozen towels, and finally turn in a couple of hours after they might if they had come to time in the first place."

"Don't you often have trouble with snoring passengers?" asked the reporter.

"Don't I?" repeated the conductor with fervor. "Oh, no! never, by no means! Why, there's one man, a drummer for a Chicago house, who crosses regularly with me every week, who'd drive a dead corpse crazy. He's a little bit of a man, and don't weigh much more than a hundred, but he can snore for twenty. He lays himself out, and falls asleep the minute he gets the covers over him. Then the fun begins. I've known him to have the whole car awake and yelling for me and the porter, and he snoring away as calm and peaceful as a baby. The last trip he made we had a minister with us, a big, jolly gentleman, who had the berth next to him. He snored for half an hour at a stretch, and the poor preacher couldn't get a wink of sleep. But he didn't say anything till the others had given up yelling in despair. Then the drummer rolled over on his side, and, giving a kind of a choking snort, like a man having his throat cut, he stopped snoring. For about half a second there was dead silence in the car. Then we heard the minister say, 'Thank God! The scoundrel's dead!'"

"Women are as bad for snoring as men, and much worse tempered with one another about it. We carried a theatrical company a month ago. Actors and actresses don't often take sleepers. They have a knack of making themselves comfortable in a common seat. But this party had been traveling all the day before and acting till midnight, and was tired out. Well, they turned in, and pretty soon an old maid who had the corner berth began to raise Cain about one of them snoring. She woke the whole party up, and I never heard such a chorus in my born days. First one began to pretend to snore, and then another and another took it up. For a whole hour they kept at it, and only stopped when they hadn't strength enough left to go on. You can believe the old maid didn't have any remarks on snoring to make after that serenade."

The reporter being by this time ready to enjoy as much of his money's worth of sleep as he could get, climbed into his berth, and after dreaming that he was being collided, crushed, burned up, drowned and otherwise amused as passengers in sleeping cars are wont to be, spent the remainder of the night wondering if that Chicago drummer was not on board, and if he was what it would cost, in cash, to send him to the end of the trip as freight.

A Fight With a Lunatic.

Twenty-seven crazy women belonging in Westchester county, N. Y., were safely landed at Willard's Asylum for the insane on last Tuesday morning. They started from Poughkeepsie on Monday night. The lunatics were transferred under the personal supervision of Norman K. Shears and James E. Hoyt, superintendents of the poor, and Charles Fisher, keeper of the Westchester county almshouse. They were also accompanied by Miss Josephine Sessions, one of the attendants at the Poughkeepsie asylum. Four of the women were violent in their insanity, and their arms were strapped before they started from the asylum. The rest were not very ugly, but some of them were very noisy and quarrelsome, while others were as mute as idiots. The lunatics were provided with a special car attached to the regular western train.

Soon after leaving Albany a man from Suffolk county, L. I., went into the car and stood around a while without saying anything. He had heard that there were lunatics in the car and he thought he would go in and look them over. He accosted a reporter, who was standing at the door, and said:

"Them is all lunatics, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"I wish my wife was here," he said.

"Is she a lunatic?" the reporter inquired.

"Bless you, no; but I'd like to have her see them. I've got a nice Newfoundland dog in the other car—a pup. I'd like to bring him in and see what the women would do with him," he said.

"They'd kill him," said Shears.

"Oh, no," the reporter replied.

"Bring him in."

"All right," said Shears, "bring him in if you want to."

The man brought in a pretty Newfoundland pup about three months old and put him down in the car.

"I would like to speak to that tall one," the man said, looking at Miss Sessions. "It is a shame that a young woman like her should be crazy, and I think I'll go and talk to her."

Some of the women in the car had by this time seen the dog and had risen to their feet. The dog ran down the aisle, and a woman who had a few months ago set fire to a house in New Rochelle, N. Y., and burned it down, screamed out:

"See that hound."

As the dog went past her she caught it in her arms and, putting it on the seat, said:

"Oh, my black baby, where have you been these fifteen months? I've got a silk dress for you."

She took off her shawl and her sack and proceeded to dress the dog up, talking most affectionately to him. The dog seemed to enjoy it. The other lunatics were expressing delight and hatred at his presence, but the dog was apparently happy.

At length the Long Island man said he guessed he would go up and talk to the tall one, meaning Miss Sessions. She had been posted as to his estimate of her, and when he went up leisurely and opened the conversation she knew what he had come for and arranged for a little sport at his expense. Mary Ann McLoughlin was summoned by Miss Sessions to stand behind her, and at a signal from her (Miss Sessions) to jump at the man. The Long Island man went up and said:

"Are you traveling far?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far?"

"Some distance. Is that your dog?" said Miss Sessions.

The word "dog" was the magic word. Mary Ann leaped upon him, saying:

"This is the dog man!"

She caught him by the shoulders, and with a loud scream said:

"Bounce the loafer out!"

She gave him a push, and as he started she caught him from behind and ran him toward the car door. Somebody standing near the door opened it and the lunatic sent him sprawling on the next platform just as the conductor was going in the door, having started his train at Utica.

"There," Ann said, as she slammed the door, "now you have got your match." After about half an hour's absence the man returned and inquired for his dog. He was told that one of the women had taken a fancy to it and was taking care of it. He was invited to go and get it.

"Not much," he said. "I'm not going to have my eyes scratched out." After some persuasion he went cautiously down the aisle and asked the woman if she would let him have his dog.

"I haven't got your dog," she said.

"I don't like dogs," she continued, as she stroked the animal's head, dressed in a shawl and a sack, which the woman spoke of as a silk dress and polonaise. The man parleyed with her a moment or two and then undertook to take the animal. The woman caught the dog by the tail, "Let my black baby alone, I have been looking for it for fifteen years. I have named it 'Baby Mine,' and nobody can touch it and live."

The man pulled at the dog and the woman jerked it away. In an instant she had raised the window and was in the act of flinging the dog out, when her arm was caught and the puppy saved. As the animal was delivered to the owner he remarked:

"Thank God, I thought the dog was gone. I wouldn't have lost him for anything. I paid \$15 for him at a fair. Gosh, what a narrow escape!" he said, as he hurried out of the car. No amount of persuasion could induce him to enter the car again.

Why the Boys Like a Boston Clothier.

The rivalry in the retail clothing trade in Boston is intense, and each dealer does his best to attract custom from the others. Dodgers, niggers and chromos have been used in turn, but they soon became common-place, and the dealers were at their wits' ends for a new "card." At last one of the dealers gave up the chromo business and kept perfectly quiet. He didn't even advertise. The others thought he was becoming shaky, and daily expected to hear his failure announced. But they didn't, and what surprised them more was the fact that their own business began to fall off, while the boys around town, the middle-aged sinners, the pillars of the churches, the clergymen and rouses all flocked to the rival store. They stood it for a week and then began an investigation. A visit to the store of the successful man revealed the secret. He had discharged all his male employees and filled their places with pretty girls, who not only sold the goods but measured the customers, and that was why he did a big business.

Welcoming the Minister.

A small boy, a prisoner in his father's house in Brooklyn, last week, gives the following version of why he is in durance vile:

"I see a prisoner locked up on bread and water just 'cause I didn't know it was loaded. You see, father was in the army, and last week I seed where he hid his pistol in his overcoat and I got it, and there was an accident. I felt sure it wasn't loaded, for didn't I hear father fire it off? I put it under my pillow an' I waited for supper to be over, 'cause I wanted to scare the girls. Girls always holler when they see a pistol. Well, our minister come to tea. Ministers are the greatest hands to come to tea; it's half their work to go 'round an' eat supper with the ladies. Father went down to the Convention, and Bess and Lilly, them's the girls, went into the parlor to see the minister didn't get sleepy. 'Bess,' says I, 'lend me your blanket shawl for a few minutes, I want to be a Indian brave.' I wrapped the shawl 'round me, put father's cane over my shoulder for a gun, an' then I got the pistol 'n crept ffly down to the parlor so they wouldn't know Indians was skirmishing 'roun their camp. I pushed open the door 'n there was the minister and Bess sittin' at opposite ends of the sofa, 'n Lil was crocheting a lamp mat. All was still 'n I says, 'The hour has come.' Then I give three war whoops an' said, 'Surrender or I shoot.' There was a panic. The girls went into hysterics 'n the preacher said, 'My son, mebbe that pistol's loaded.'"

"Says I, 'S'render, pale chief, or I'll shoot yer dead in yer tracks.' They all made a rush at me to take the pistol away, 'n I firod. Lordy, what a noise. I was skeered most to death. The bullet went into a picture of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and took off the head of one of the signers. The preacher turned pale, and said I was a wicked boy. I knowed it 'n I knowed what I was going to ketch. The girls cried like as though there was a fun'ral, 'n I was whipped. I dreamed all night I was fighting the Indians 'n when I woke up this mornin' I felt sure my name would be in the papers. They gave me bread 'n water for breakfast 'n wouldn't let me see a newspaper. So I thought I'd escape. I tore up the two sheets, tied one end to the bureau drawer and was climbin' down like folks do at a fire, when somethin' give way. I fell about a thousand feet, I thought, I come down so hard. I hit the stone area, 'n it seemed to me as if it was night and I was looking at about a million stars. I didn't know nothing for a minute. Then I come to."

"What broke?"

"Nothing broke; the bureau drawer come out. I oughter tied on to the gas fixture. Father wouldn't give me a newspaper, but he gave me another lickin' and some more bread and water. I s'pose now I'll be a month on bread 'n water."

The Husband Was There.

A pistol was fired in the saloon under the boarding-house at the corner of Twelfth and Locust streets, St. Louis last Tuesday, and but for the faulty aim of the man who held the pistol the city would have mourned the loss of a good carpenter. The difficulty was between Peter Giroux and James Langen, boarders at the hotel.

The circumstances of the shooting are somewhat sensational. It appears that Langen, the carpenter, called at the room of Mrs. Giroux to make an objectional proposal to her. He had already seen Mrs. Giroux before, and it is said had intimated his intention to meet her at the hour named. Not liking his advances she had spoken to her husband and he was there too. When the carpenter knocked Giroux crawled under the bed and awaited developments. Presently his wife went to the door and opened it.

"Is he here?" asked the carpenter.

"Tell him no," was whispered from under the bed.

She said no, and the carpenter entered. His coat and vest he had taken off and lain upon the bannister in front of the door to the bedroom and when he came in he was in his shirt-sleeves. At first he laid down on the bed and talked; but presently he got tired of talking and seized Mrs. Giroux by the waist and tried to kiss her.

Mr. Giroux, whose left eye was free to play upon the scene, crawled out at this juncture and tripped the carpenter up. He then stood up at full length and held his finger under the carpenter's nose, saying dramatically:

"I am here; do you know me?"

"Yes," said the intruder, as he crawled out of the door. "I know you. I don't need an introduction."

Giroux was on his muscle and he went for the carpenter with both hands, bruising his face considerably. The bar-keeper in the saloon below ran up and parted the combatants, who adjourned to the saloon.

Officer King came in and arrested Giroux, taking him to the Third District Station. The wounded man walked down to the City Dispensary and was arrested by Officers Norris and Hogan at the instance of Mrs. Giroux, a very pretty little woman, who prefers a charge of attempted outrage.

A Harlot's Fatal Faithlessness.

A singular tragedy of jealousy is reported from Paris. The heroine is Louise Talexis, a

notorious princess of the demi monde; her victim, Leon De Lanerys by name, a young man of the best society. It seems that Louise Talexis set herself up in business in the gay city some six years ago. There was at that time in Paris two men—father and son—who were the leaders of the fast society, high in the imperial favor, rich beyond measure, both soldiers with brilliant records, the two De Lanerys were devoted to one another like another Damon and Pythias. The father, a man of fifty, handsome as an old Apollo, had been his son's companion in numberless adventures. The son swore by his father as men swear by their bosom friends.

In an unhappy hour this singular pair became visitors to Louise Talexis' house, separately, however. The woman played with them as she toyed with others; while their fortunes melted beneath the fire of their passions and flowed into her coffers in a steady stream. One day young De Lanerys found himself penniless. He applied to his father for assistance. The latter, himself embarrassed almost to beggary, could not help him. With a pistol in his pocket the young man paid a last visit to his destroyer. In spite of the protestations of the servant he forced his way into her boudoir and found her in his father's arms.

Both men comprehended the situation at once. The father ordered the son out of the room. For the first time in their lives the two quarreled. Curious words came to blows. A frightful struggle devastated the daintily-furnished room. It ended by the young man shooting his parent through the brain with the pistol he had intended to kill himself with. Then turning on the woman who had witnessed this horrible scene too much frightened to fly, he seized her in his arms and leaped out of the window.

He shattered his skull on the pavement. His companion only broke her legs and shattered one side of her face. She will recover, but her beauty will be gone. However, as the accumulations of her fatal career amount to a couple of millions she will be able to still enjoy the life she has deprived her victim of.

Mutilated by Ghouls

Some little time ago, a young lady highly connected mysteriously disappeared from her home in Brooklyn, N. Y. Every effort was made to find her, both by the police of New York and Brooklyn, and by private detectives. Every clue resulted in nothing save labor wasted and large bills, and at last the search was abandoned as hopeless, and the case passed from public attention. Recently a gentleman, who knew the young lady, had occasion to visit the morgue in New York city. While there the body of a young woman which had been found floating in the East River was brought in. The features were somewhat disfigured, and the ears and fingers had been cut off. With a passing glance the gentleman passed on, and soon the matter was forgotten. Shortly afterwards, he was calling on a young lady in Brooklyn and the subject of the missing lady was discussed. The lady said that she always thought her friend had met with foul play, as at the time of her disappearance she had several costly rings on her fingers and solitaire diamond ear-rings. At once the appearance of the body he had seen was recalled to the gentleman and without mentioning his suspicions, he took his departure and sought the brother of the missing young lady. To him he told what he had seen, and together they went to the morgue. There, the brother identified the clothing of the corpse as that of his sister, and recovered the body, which had been interred in Pottery's Field. Owing to the mutilation of the remains the gentlemen failed to recognize it. The officials say that the body had probably been found in the water by river pirates, who cut the ears and fingers to secure the jewels and then pushed the body under a dock, from whence the tide floated it out.

Caught in a Bar-Room.

There was a decided sensation on Edmond street, Mo., about 1 o'clock last Wednesday morning at a saloon owned by E. W. Behen. Officer Phillips saw what appeared to be a neatly dressed young man enter the place, immediately after which the lights were put out, and all was darkness within. The officer decided there was something wrong, and posted several parties in the rear of the place while he demanded admission in the name of the law at the front door. It took about ten minutes for the door to open, when the youth made a dart for liberty out the back way, but was captured and brought back into the saloon, where the lights were turned up, and the features of the wife of a well-known St. Joseph man were disclosed.

At first the parties were disposed to brazen the affair out with the officer, but when told they must give bond or go to the lock-up the woman weakened. About this time the woman's husband appeared on the scene, and but for the interference of the officer, would have shot one or both of the guilty parties. The woman had in her possession her husband's gold watch and chain and \$100 in gold. She fell on her knees and begged for forgiveness of her husband, which was refused, he ordering the policeman to lock her up, saying she had previously given him much trouble, but finally he so far relented as to go on her

bond, and the unhappy woman was conducted to her home. The result will undoubtedly be a suit for divorce, with abundance of evidence to sustain the application. The woman is of fine appearance, being rather above the medium height, and is well connected, being a member of a very respectable family.

"Hug Me Tighter, Charley."

There is a girl living on a ranch near Idaho City, Idaho Terr., named Belle. She is a pretty girl and rejoices in the love of a tall, strapping young man who is known as Charley. Belle's father did not fancy Charley, so the lovers selected a small tree in the woods as a trysting-place. Thither Belle was wont to go and spend happy hours in the society of Charley, who would kindle her imagination with stories of how he expected to "strike it rich," and what a gorgeous time they would have when his bank account rivalled that of Bonanza Mackey. One day not long since Belle decked herself in her best and sallied forth to keep her tryst. She reached the tree, but Charley was not there. Never doubting his constancy, she sat down and leaned back against the tree to wait for her lover. Gradually her thoughts wandered and she was soon in dreamland. Suddenly she was partly awakened by a tight hug, but she thought she was in the arms of her lover and she only murmured: "Hug me tighter, Charley." The hug became tighter; so tight, in fact, that it hurt, and she said so, but not being released she opened her eyes to find that instead of being in the loving embrace of Charley she was being squeezed by a grizzly. She gave a piercing scream, which had the effect of startling the bear and causing him to loosen his hold. Charley happened to be within hearing and rushing up rescued his love. The grizzly escaped and the lovers selected another spot in which to declare their love.

Driven by a Dead Man.

Sitting bolt upright on a high seat Edward Sutton was seen driving his truck down Broadway, New York City, at 11 o'clock last Friday morning. The thoroughfare was crowded with vehicles, and the truck seemed to be guided skillfully through the maze. Why Sutton was noticed was because his eyes were set and cast upward, and there was an unnatural rigidity in his body. As the team approached Liberty street, on the west side of Broadway, a person who by chance had been attracted by his strange appearance saw him fall suddenly backward. His feet yet rested on the slanted top of the dashboard, but his head fell so far backward over the seat that it nearly touched the heads of some casks with which the truck was laden. That he did not fall entirely over was due to the strong clutch which he retained on the reins. So much of the weight of his body was thus put upon the reins that the horses were nearly brought to a halt. The person above referred to as noticing Sutton's appearance sprang to the horses' heads and brought them to a dead stop. Noticing this movement, Policeman Leddy of the Broadway squad ran up. He loosened Sutton's hands from the reins and lifted him down from the truck. Sutton was apparently unconscious, and an examination showed he was dead. His body was taken to the Church street station, where a friend identified it. His residence was at 88 Horatio street. He is supposed to have died of rheumatism of the heart.

A Somnambulant Leap.

Two young men who were out a little late at night in Philadelphia, had a singular adventure. They were walking west on the right-hand side of Chestnut street, beyond Sixteenth, when they saw a slender figure in white appear suddenly in a window above them, balance itself for a moment without support and then spring forward in the air. The next instant a beautiful girl, with her arms bare, and her long, blonde hair streaming about her neck, lay on the pavement at their feet. The look which she turned upon them as they bent to lift her up was a mingled expression of strange emotions. For a moment she would say nothing but "Take me home! Oh, take me home!" One of the young men remained with the girl, while the other found Officer Black, the patrolman of the beat, who surmised the situation at once. The large, fine-looking building, from the second story of which the girl had leaped, was No. 1615, the Chestnut Street Young Ladies' Seminary, kept by the Misses Bonney and Dillaye, and she was a pupil. The young lady, whose parents reside in Illinois, and whose name is given as Carrie Barrett Brown, is a somnambulist. The first night she came to school, it is stated, she arose and left her room and had reached the recitation room when discovered. Another night she attempted to leave the school and was again frustrated. She was sent to her parents after having her injuries attended to.

The Spice of Life.

Lulu Mackey is a variety actress at Harry Hill's, in New York city, and if the accounts given as to why her eyes were in mourning last week are correct, her husband, Harry Cole, is a variety actor, at least in private life, and Lulu forms the audience. According to the reports in variety circles Harry, who has been playing at the Metropolitan in New York, went home one night last week in a bad humor. Lulu came in shortly afterwards and

Harry accused her of having a mash. This Lulu denied, but Harry ruled out her evidence, swore she was guilty and at once imposed sentence and executed it. Lulu is said to have executed a dance which would make her fortune on the stage, while Harry proved himself as expert with his fists as he is with a billiard cue. Lulu now uses more paint under her left peeper than she formerly did, and which looks as though she had joined an early closing association.

Robbing a Heathen.

An innocent, child-like Chinaman sat on the stone coping of the iron railing surrounding St. Paul's Churchyard, in New York city, last week. Before him, and suspended by a strap passed around his neck, was a tray filled with "Reina Victorias," of which he was selling three for five cents. If there is anything the New York street gamins like it is "Reina Victorias." Two of the Arabs saw the innocent heathen and his stock and at once they became possessed with a desire to smoke. But, alas, they had neither money nor credit. A council of war was held and a plan of action decided upon. One of the urchins walked around the corner, entered the churchyard and stealthily approached behind the Celestial. Quietly his hand reached the tempting pig-tail, and slyly it was securely knotted around one of the iron rails. This done, the young American gave a signal to his pal who was lingering near, and instantly the wicked boy grabbed a handful of cigars and ran. The heathen started after the thief, but he had to "mind his queu," and the boy got away.

A Rival's Ardor Cooled.

William Mills and a young woman described as "of a high-toned family" were sitting in Queen's Park, Toronto, the other night, and he kissed her. Henry S. Ross, a rival suitor, had been watching the pair from a hiding place in the tall grass, and at the sound of the smack he involuntarily rose into view. As he did so the young lady spied him and while yet in the arms of her lover she drew a pistol and fired at Ross, grazing his scalp. Ross took leg bail in short order, and never stopped running until he reached a police station, where he entered a complaint and Mills was arrested, the young lady being permitted to remain unmolested.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Mary F. Scott-Siddons.

The great granddaughter of the most famous of all great English actresses, Sarah Siddons, the subject of our picture, possesses a historic name as well as individual gifts of a high order. One of the most beautiful women on the modern stage, Mrs. Scott-Siddons is also one of the most eminent artists who keep the legitimate drama alive upon the boards.

Born in England, Mrs. Siddons made her debut some 14 years back as a dramatic reader in London. Her success was instantaneous and pronounced. After a season there she came to New York and opened for a series of readings at Steinway Hall. Her popularity commenced with her first appearance, and not long after she made her debut as an actress at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

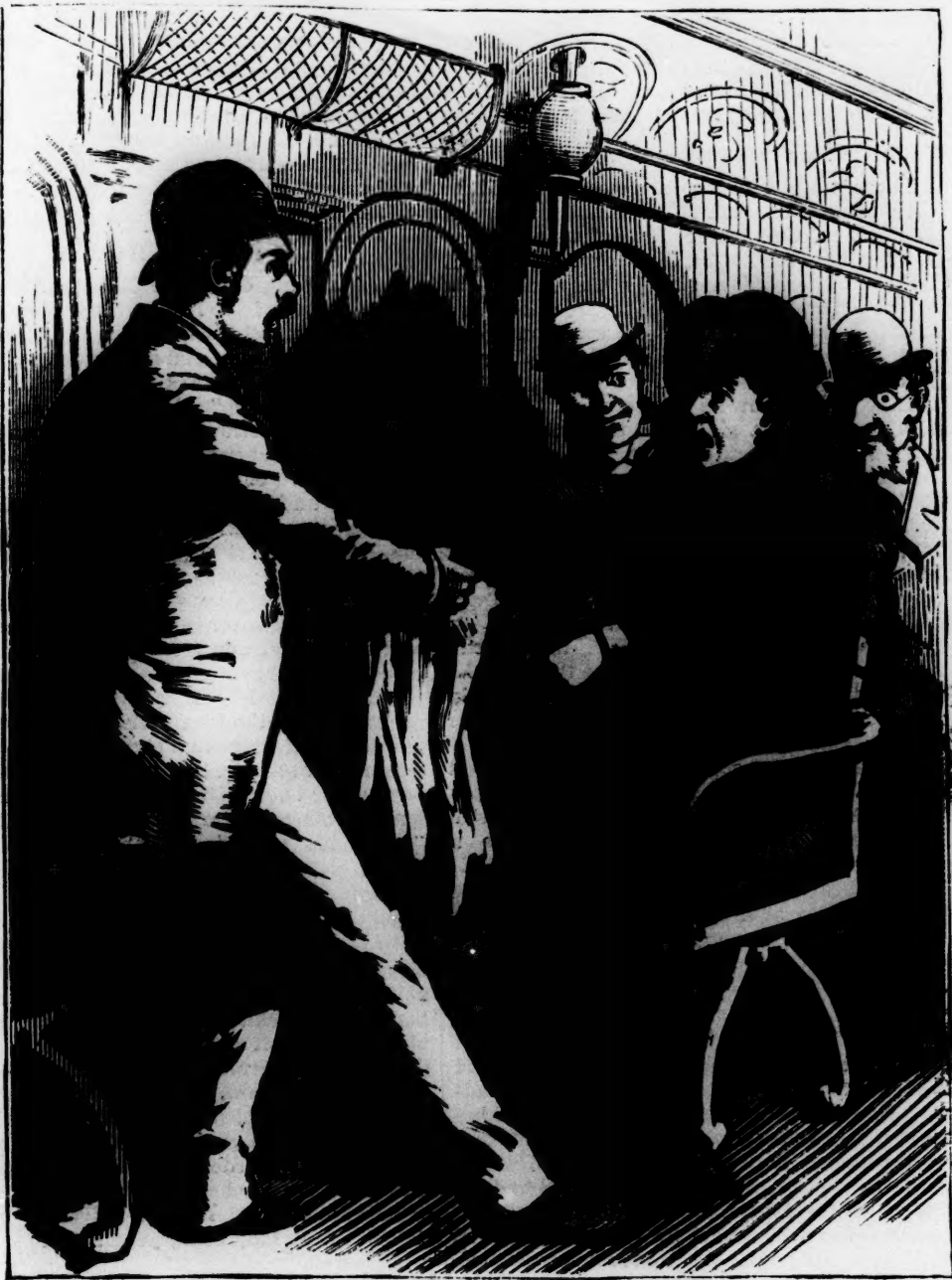
Since that time Mrs. Siddons has been constantly before the public, both in America and England, and in a trip around the world and everywhere, the same triumph has attended her impersonations. She is essentially a classicist. In the modern drama her powers are feeble and unsatisfactory, but in interpreting the lofty characters of the great dramatists of the past, she is more than good. Without that vital fire which characterized the great legitimate actress of the old school, her methods are so polished, her execution so careful, and her action so spirited, that she presents in every particular a lifelike and stirring realization of the highest types of womankind the stage possesses.

Lawrence Barrett.

Next to Edwin Booth, there is no actor who brings more honor to the American stage than Lawrence Barrett. A man of scholarly mind and searching intelligence, Mr. Barrett could achieve as great eminence in literature as he has won in his chosen art. Indeed, his "Life of Edwin Forrest" and his numerous essays on acting, have won for him already a lasting position in the literature of America.

A Bostonian by birth, Mr. Barrett's first histrionic successes were won as those of many other eminent histrions were, in California. He was one of the galaxy of stars who made the company at the Old California theatre a decade back historic. Graduating from a stock star into an independent luminary, he was not long in winning for himself a distinctive place in the American drama.

The polish of the French school enters largely into Lawrence Barrett's art. His impersonations are elaborate and clear cut as an ancient cameo. While in the more dramatic parts he fails to achieve real greatness, in the more classical and scholarly ones he is without peer. His Cassius in Julius Caesar is one of the noblest bits of characterization ever presented on any stage. He is eminently a student, and in such parts as call for the intellectuality of the thinker, Lawrence Barrett, without exaggeration, may be ranked first in the drama of the United States.



BEDLAM ON THE RAIL.

THE SORT OF INCIDENTS WHICH MAKE TRAVEL LIVELY ON THE N. Y. CENTRAL RAILROAD WHEN AN INSANE ASYLUM CHANGES ITS BASE.



GOING FOR THE DOMINIE'S SCALP.

HOW LITTLE TOMMY PRACTICED FOR HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE RED DEVILS AT THE EXPENSE OF MA'S PET VISITOR.



DRIVEN TO DEATH.

HOW JAKE POOLE DISPOSED OF A NOTORIOUS ROAD AGENT AND HIS PAL, AND SAFELY CONVEYED A BIG TREASURE TO ITS DESTINATION THROUGH THE DEVIL'S PASS, MONTANA TER.—AN INCIDENT OF STAGE COACHING IN THE FAR WEST.



DESPOILING THE DEAD.

GHOULS WHO PREY UPON THE UNFORTUNATE, AND HELP THE RIVER TO KEEP THE IDENTITY OF ITS VICTIMS SECRET; N. Y. CITY.



THE DRIVE OF DEATH.

THE CORPSE WHICH DROVE A TRUCK THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY, AND SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF A SUPERSTITIOUS POLICEMAN.



UNDER THE BED.

HOW A ST. LOUIS HUSBAND PLAYED PAUL PRY AND PREVENTED THE CONSUMMATION OF A FAMILY SCANDAL.



A HEAD IN THE GRASS,
AND HOW IT MADE A TARGET FOR A BULLET WHICH MISSED ITS LEGITIMATE MARK.

THE MAN-TRAPS

OF

NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

One may be horrified to find out that his dream means death, the loss of friends, or very bad luck in store; but you get the numbers to play all the same as if everything was going to be pleasant. Some years ago the *Herald* published an extract from this book which informed its readers that to dream of wandering in a graveyard played 7, 8, 31. Several persons invested in the numbers, which came out the same day.

There used to be an old man who wandered in and out of different offices who was crazy. His clothes were thread bare and ragged, and his hair grizzled and tangled. He never spoke to any one and rarely played over five cents at a time. The slip and the old man generally came in together, and as the numbers were put down on the black board his eyes glistened like diamonds. Every number was eagerly scanned, and carefully was his play searched to see if he had made a "hit," a thing he was never known to do. He would shake his head sorrowfully, and after copying the numbers in a book which he always carried about with him, and which was said to contain the drawings for several years back, he would go away no one knew whither. That man lived simply for policy.

New York city is now spending at least \$15,000 a day in policy, two-thirds of which professedly, and really more, goes to the managers and agents. Policy "backers" make a great deal of money, but not as much as most people think they do. Their expenses are heavy, and they have to pay the rent of their many offices, an army of clerks must be remunerated, their telegraph bills are very heavy, and add to this the small sums which they pay to winners and it will be seen that their business is not all profit. Outside of the main office there are several men who "back" their own "books." They own ten or a dozen offices and take whatever play comes along. As they pay nothing for printing or telegraphing, depending on the regular game to supply them, their expenses are light and they make money. The managers try to crush them out by every available means. False or "pigeon" numbers are given by the managers of policy to friends to play on "outside books." If the outsiders get an inkling that a "pigeon" number is out they promptly decline to pay any one who may have played that number.

Numerous plans have been used to best the game by fraud, and many of them have been successful. The wires have been cut, and a whole drawing telegraphed, and before the fraud was discovered much money paid out. Not long ago a clerk in the office purposely translated the cipher wrong, and made \$6,000 by it. The company in this case paid all "hits" on both the real and false numbers. Before the telegraph wires were laid across the North river, a person would see the returns at Jersey City, and signal them over to this side by means of flags. This plan for a time was only partly successful, as the party on the New York side got the numbers so late that policy writers would only take plays for small amounts.

This was remedied in rather an ingenious manner. Disguising himself as a countryman, the player went into the same office every day half an hour before the books closed, and played some number pretty heavily. He kept coming a little later every day, which was not noticed, and as he always lost, when the schemer thought the right time had come he had the first drawn number signaled over the river to him, and, going to the same office, said he had a dream about a ship sailing up a hill, and played 33 for it for a large amount. The money was paid, and the fraud not discovered till some time afterward. This same man became such a terror to the managers that they finally gave him a situation in the main office, and paid him a good salary for doing nothing.

There have been many pretended attempts by the police to break up the game. Indeed, the policy men say that they care very little for police raids. Election time is the favorite season for raiding, when politicians are plenty and money scarce. When a place is "pulled," it is promptly opened next morning, and business resumed.

Have I said enough, dear reader, to keep you out of that seductive "Exchange office," with its alluring pile of gold and banknotes in the windows, and its smart young man behind the

counter ever ready to jerk the spring which permits the partition door to fly open and you to walk into the den where policy lays in wait with its blackboard, chalk and dream-books? I hope so, for I should not like to see you toss your pocket-book into the sewer, and policy shop is only another name for it.

CHAPTER X.
FLIM-FLAM.

Among the numberless small swindles of the metropolis there is none more curious than that of the flim-flammer. What is it? I hear you, unnaturally ask. Your curiosity shall not go unsatisfied: read and be enlightened.

Any one whose business or pleasure requires him to be present at popular resorts may notice a certain class of natty, young or middle-aged men who seem to have no means of support, and yet are generally supplied with plenty of money. On any pleasant afternoon in the spring or fall you will recognize their faces on Broadway. Go to the gardens on Sixth avenue at night, and you will again notice them sitting around with friends. If you ask a detective who and what they are, he will say, "I think they are gamblers."

If you visit the faro-banks and club-rooms, you will see the same men nightly lose sums of money and try in vain to borrow ten dollars to continue the game. When one gets up from the table and says, "Lend me twenty dollars to do business with," the money is immediately handed over, and he then starts out, to come back in the course of an hour or so, return the borrowed capital and show a small sum in addition. You are still inquisitive to know his resources and wondering why his friends will not lend him money off-handed, but will advance capital for "business purposes." You will ask one of the gambling fraternity, if he happens to be a friend, and he will explain he is a "flim-flammer."

Where the name of the business ever originated it is impossible to say, but the field in which it operates is large. The amount of money a good flim-flam operator can obtain in one day depends upon the character and condition of his victims. He enters a store where all hands are busy. "Can you accommodate me with change for a twenty-dollar bill?" he asks. The clerk or cashier takes the note, examines it and returns generally with one ten and two five dollar notes.

"I want to put one of these in an envelope. Will you oblige me with a clean bill?"

If he is not accommodated, he says: "I am sorry to trouble you so much, but I would like to have small change for this five."

If that is changed, by some hook or crook the clerk loses five dollars. This is one method practiced by a well-dressed, handsome young man, whom the writer has seen operate five or six times, and cannot discover where the leakage is. The last time it occurred he stood alongside of the cashier at the Iron Pier at Coney Island, and with a full knowledge of what was going to take place, saw the operation. The cashier was short just five dollars that night.

Another system has been in operation against paying tellers of banks. A man with one arm in a sling asks for change of a note of large denomination, and taking place directly in front of the teller, asks him to place the money in a large envelope. The teller hands over a lot of bills, already counted, and in packages with a strip of paper pinned around them. The operator bunglingly tries to place the bulky package in his inside coat pocket, and, working with one hand only, naturally attracts the teller's attention. After several unsuccessful attempts he gives it up and hot-temperedly says:

"Oh, give me larger bills or something I can put in my pocket easily."

The cashier has just counted the bunch of small bills, or knows there are just so many in a package, and fails to count them over when they are thrown back. He throws out a requisite number of notes of larger denomination. The hand of the broken arm of the operator has meantime extracted as many bills as it was safe to do while he was trying to put the big envelope in his pocket. If the teller does count them over, he is stuck, because the operator claims that he didn't count them when handed out, and they were never out of the teller's sight.

When the flim-flammer has not got large capital to operate with, he is contented to walk into a restaurant and put down a twenty-dollar note. The cashier proceeds to count out the change, and, of course, slides in a few trade or silver dollars.

"You have dropped some money on the floor," says the operator.

The cashier looks; and, sure enough, there is a bill lying behind the counter. He stoops to pick it up, the flim-flammer extracts a note of some kind from the pile, and says:

"Oh, never mind bothering about that change, here is the exact money for my check," and walks off with his booty.

Of late many cigar dealers have been victimized by a smart flim-flammer, who asks for a five-cent cigar, and displays a trade dollar which he delays giving up until after he lights his cigar.

The store-keeper has ninety-five cents all ready.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN ODDITIES.

ETTA WARDE, a precocious girl of 15, ran away from her home in Lyndon, a few days since, because of her dislike of her step-mother.

Six years ago a wealthy Indianapolis merchant married a shop girl. Recently she resumed her old position, having become disgusted with her husband.

A Mrs. WILSON, to whose husband two Bloomington, Ill., saloon-keepers had sold whisky, got even by smashing the mirrors and glassware in both places of business.

An elderly gentleman got into a Minneapolis bob-tail street-car the other morning, and offered his fare severally to all the passengers, and when all refused to take it put it in his pocket and rode free.

A SANGAMON COUNTY, Mich. woman, whose husband did not return from the war, waited awhile and married again. Her new husband soon after ran off with another woman, and now the veteran has tardily returned to claim his own.

Two workmen, strangers to each other, one from New York and the other from New Haven, casually employed by their respective firms to do some work in a house in Ansonia, Conn., accidentally discovered that they were brothers.

At Sioux Rapids a gang of fellows had a wagon-load of small stones hauled to the front of a saloon and began pelting them in through the windows, never stopping until the entire load was thus disposed of. The saloon-keeper climbed.

The husband of the nurse at Williamsport, Pa., pest-house was warned not to visit her in that locality and then return to the city and mix with the people; but he could not keep away from his better-half, so the authorities, to prevent any danger, locked him up in jail.

A FEW days ago a stage and passengers were robbed near Benson, Arizona. Five robbers attacked the stage, when the horses became frightened and ran away, but the highwaymen overhauled the stage and robbed the passengers. Before leaving they returned five dollars to each passenger.

A YOUNG man named Dougherty, in Campbell county, Ky., put his foot on one of the hammers of his gun and held it back about half an inch, put his mouth to the muzzle of the gun and blew in the barrel to see if the air would pass out of the tube. His foot slipped off the hammer and the gun went off, blowing his head all to pieces.

A TRAIN of the Chicago and Alton railroad was approaching a bridge near Towanda, Ill., the other night, when the engineer discovered a swinging light ahead. He quickly reversed the engine and shut off the steam, but the lever, rebounding, struck him in the right side and broke a rib. The train was brought to a stop only to learn that the lantern was in the hands of a man walking along the track.

A RAILROAD laborer in New Albany, Ind., the other day dug up an old-time silver five-cent piece and a copper cent, and called out to his fellow-workmen, "I have found six thousand." There had been a ghostly legend of some old miser who buried his wealth in that neighborhood years ago, and the rumor spread that Pat had found a pot of money; and as Patrick quit work on the railroad a day or two later, many really believed that he had found \$6,000.

AFTER leaving St. Louis, the other evening, a Vandavia brakeman discovered that the "tender" to the postal-car was filled with tramps, who had taken possession, tied the bell-rope to a convenient post, and settled themselves comfortably for the night. When the train reached Pochontas the tramps were ejected, but not without stubborn resistance, during which several shots were fired. The tramps threatened vengeance, and the employees are nervous for fear of a misplaced rail or some other mischief.

A FUNNY divorce suit has just been commenced in the superior court at Nevada, Cal. It is supposed that an effort will be made to prove that a certain Grass Valley young man made a wager of \$30 that he could marry a certain young lady of the same town, who was handsome, educated and refined, and that after they were one, he spent but one night in her company. Taking in the situation, she concluded that such a husband was just about as good as no husband at all, and now wants the court to rid her of him.

MRS. SERAPAINA TOMASI, now of Detroit, Mich., and 77 years of age, was married at 14, and has borne her husband 25 children, 18 of them being sons. Only three are now living, but none of them died under six years of age. She was married to her husband while he was in prison in Naples for a political offense. She stood outside the bars while the priest performed the ceremony. Her mother was 105 years old when she died. Her husband never recovered from the effects of his imprisonment, and died insane in 1871.

GEORGE SCHMIDT was playing cards with the Widow Smith in Cleveland, Gazing with a sudden assumption of amazement and delight at a particular card, he declared that he saw in it the fact that \$75,000 was buried in the

back yard. Then he pretended to selfishly regret that he had imparted the secret to the widow, which made her eager to share in the treasure, and enabled him to get \$100 from her for the cost of the proposed digging. This was merely a preliminary experiment by Schmidt. A few days later he swindled the Widow Kneese out of \$600 in the same manner.

A GENTLEMAN of Stewart county, Ga., sent for an itinerant doctor, who after ingratiating himself into the confidence of the family sufficient to accomplish his hellish purpose, chloroformed the entire family, and then violated the person of the daughter, a pretty young woman, took her watch and what other things he wanted, and left the section. The family lost sight of the wretch, and smothered the matter rather than give publicity to so delicate a subject. The fellow has now been arrested in another part of the state and there are threats of lynching by Stewart county people.

A PROMINENT gentleman of Cabarrus, S. C., reports that a married woman of that place suckled at the same breast and has just weaned a baby and a baby coon. He states positively that he himself has seen both at the breast and gives a ludicrous account of the half playful and half angry struggles between the child and the coon for the choice of nipples. The coon would roughly brush the child away, carefully avoiding, however, any use of its claws; the babe would return with spirit to the defense of its natural rights, and in the meantime the mother would look on with perfect neutrality, even appearing to enjoy in a quiet way the novel contest.

A NUMBER of coupon bonds were received at the Treasury Department for registry a few days ago. All the numbers of the bonds were cut out. The Treasury Department did not know what to make of the mutilated bonds. They came from Chicago. A letter has just been received by the department from the owner of the bonds in New York, who said he had written to his wife in Chicago to send the bonds to the treasury, and send the numbers of them to him in New York. The devoted and obedient spouse carried out his instructions to the letter. She sent the bonds to the treasury, but first cut out the numbers and mailed them to her husband.

HENRY STEWART, a negro, aged about eighty years, who at one time was insured for \$125,000, died recently in Harrisburg. Last summer Stewart came near dying, and the symptoms of his disease strongly indicated poisoning. His illness was due to drinking whiskey adulterated with strychnine. Several of the persons who held policies on his life are said to have given liquor vendors orders to give him all the whiskey he wanted and charge the amount to them. This is about all he received for allowing himself to be insured. The relatives of the old man will take steps to enjoin the companies in which he has been insured from paying to the men who hold policies on his life.

A WELL-DRESSED Chinaman called at the Central Station to bail out some of his countrymen who were under arrest. He deposited as bail a number of rolls of silver dollars and halves, and when the station keeper broke one of these open to ascertain if it was correct the Chinaman sought to restrain him by saying, "Him money all light; me keepee store; count money; no make mistake." The keeper, not satisfied with this explanation, continued his investigation and in the rolls found five plugged half-dollars, three foreign pieces and a dollar with a quarter section cut off. "I have some faith in Chinamen," said the keeper, "but I always like to examine the coin they put up."

A VERY laughable occurrence was witnessed at the Union Depot, Terre Haute, Ind., one evening recently. When the train from the south stopped a lady alighted and, seeing a gentleman standing by whom she supposed to be her husband, she ran toward him and, throwing her arms about his neck, showered kisses upon him. The gentleman made no objection, but when she ceased her osculations a gentleman standing near by remarked, "Well, Laura, haven't you made a mistake?" Laura turned toward him in astonishment, and flying into his arms, buried her blushing face on his shoulder, saying, "Lord bless me Steve, I thought it was you! Why didn't you speak?"

FERRYMEN on a steamer that plies between Louisville and Jeffersonville one afternoon recently noticed that a young couple remained in the ladies' parlor during several trips. They were sitting as close to each other as the bark is to the tree. He was eloquently pleading; she was shaking her head. A deck-hand, "out o' pure cussedness," as he admitted, became an eavesdropper. He soon learned that the strangers had eloped from an interior Kentucky town, and that the young woman wanted to go back home without marrying her lover. She was "afraid of uncle." He wanted to thrash uncle. "Now, 'Genie,' he urged, "don't you go back on me: here's the license, and all we've got to do is to get married in ten minutes." "But uncle will kill you, Tom." "Oh, I'll chew your uncle up if he says a word, come on, 'Genie.' Meanwhile the boat was carrying them back and forth. It was long after dark before the girl would consent to end the elopement in marriage.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Coming Great Battles For the Feather, Middle and Heavy-Weight Championships of America.

During the next three months several battles will be fought in the prize ring, and the pugilists and the patrons of the so-called "manly art of self-defense" promise to have a grand time. Three important matches have already been arranged, and others are on the tapis. The first battle which is now attracting the attention of the sporting world is the match between Frank White, of New York, the feather-weight champion of America, and George Holden, of England, the ex-champion feather-weight pugilist of Great Britain. These pugilists signed articles recently at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$500 a side to fight for \$2,500 a side and the feather-weight championship of America. The battle is to take place in Canada on Nov. 16, within 100 miles of Erie, Penn., which will be the starting place for the battle ground. On the 1st inst., the pugilists met at the POLICE GAZETTE office, tossed for choice of battle ground and posted the balance of the stakes, \$1,500 a side. Both pugilists are in training for the approaching great mill, which will most certainly take place on the day agreed upon. White has been under the able mentorship of Putsey Sheppard, of Boston, and he is now training at Pawtucket, R. I. Holden's backer, who is a wealthy Englishman, has engaged Dooney Harris to train and prepare the noted English pugilist for the coming battle. Holden is located at Johnson's, on Lexington avenue, and is training at Harlem. Both pugilists have fought several battles, especially Holden, who met Peter Morris, the cleverest feather-weight pugilist that ever stood within the magic circle. White's contests have all been with gloves, but his backer, a noted financier of Wall street, is confident he can lower Holden's colors. The coming battle will be a test of youth, pluck and stamina against old age and science, as Holden is several years White's senior.

Holden will be ten pounds heavier on the day of fighting than White, and whether the latter can allow the English feather-weight so much weight is a question that will be decided on the day they meet in the ring. White's friends claim Holden's fighting days are over and that White's youth, combined with his pluck, science and stamina, will counterbalance Holden's advantage in weight. As \$5,000 is posted the pugilists will meet and the battle will be a determined and desperate one, and the pugilist that stays the longest and possesses the most stamina will win.

The next important battle will be between Wm. C. McClellan, of this city, and George Rooke, the middle-weight champion. Articles of agreement have been signed and the pugilists are to fight for \$1,000 on Nov. 25.

The battle promises to be a desperate one and will be worth traveling a long way to witness.

Another great pugilistic event will be the great match for \$5,000 and the championship, between Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., the POLICE GAZETTE protege, and champion of America, and John L. Sullivan, of the Highlands of Boston, Mass., who is pronounced the pugilistic wonder of the day. These giants of the pugilistic arena are to fight at catch weights, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. This great battle will be fought within 100 miles of New Orleans on February 7, 1882. Ryan is matched by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, while Billy Madden, the famous pugilist, and a Boston sporting man find the stakes for Sullivan. Ryan will be trained by Johnny Roche, of the Fourth Ward, a noted pugilist, who trained Walter Jamison, better known as Sam Collier, when he fought Barney Aaron. John L. McClellan and Billy Kelly, who also prepared Ryan for his battle with Joe Goss for the championship of America. Sullivan will be trained by Billy Madden, who has had great experience in prize ring matters and who has fought three times in the magic circle. There is every indication that Ryan and Sullivan will meet in the ring, for both pugilists are in earnest and eager to settle the mooted question of who is the best man, while the backers of both pugilists are anxious to see the battle fought and the best man win.

The battle ground is to be a long way from New York, but this fact alone proves that all parties interested are eager to see the question of who is the best man decided, for had West Virginia or Canada been named for the battle ground it is almost certain that the battle would be prevented. Mace and Allen fought at New Orleans, La., in May, 1870, and the battle was conducted in an orderly manner, so that the authorities could not claim that there was any row, outrages, etc., committed by either the pugilists or their followers. Later,

Jem Mace and Joe Coburn fought for \$5,000 at Bay St. Louis, and the battle was not interfered with by the authorities. The seclusion of the battle ground will keep away the large number of disreputable characters who attend these meetings and help to break them up by questionable practices outside of the enclosure. If both men train and enter the ring in fighting condition the battle will be one of the greatest battles fought since Hyer whipped Sullivan thirty years ago.

Regarding the great prize fight between Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, the New Orleans Democrat says: "The advance sheets of the POLICE GAZETTE, which has become the leading authority on matters appertaining to the prize ring and other sporting matters, convey the intelligence that the long-talked-of prize fight between Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and Sullivan, of Boston, has been at last satisfactorily arranged. According to the terms of the articles signed by the men, the stakes are to be \$2,500 a side and the battle is to be fought within 100 miles of New Orleans, on the 7th of February, 1882. There seems to be a considerable latitude allowed in the last proposition and it may be set down as certain that the ring will be pitched much closer to the point than is named in the articles. A place could be selected within twenty-five miles of this city, where, by using any ordinary amount of secrecy, the fight would take place without the slightest danger of interference by the outside authorities. The backers of Sullivan seem very confident of his ability to whip Ryan without much difficulty, but in speculating on the chances these facts must be taken into consideration. Sullivan is undoubtedly a hard hitter, but will the rushes, which in his victories with the gloves have given him so much prestige, prove equally available against the cool generalship of a man like Ryan? A number of experts think not, and while they are willing to admit that Sullivan is a first-class man in a glove contest, yet they do not believe that he possesses the pluck and stamina necessary to make a great pugilist. To be sure, he whipped Flood easily, but that proves nothing. Flood was a greenhorn, and as such was put up by the 'fancy' as a bag for Sullivan to practice on. Ryan, on the contrary, is the possessor of undoubted stamina and of some little science. That he is not only able but willing to stand punishment was proved in his fight with Goss, and his backers will miss their guess considerably if the sequel does not prove that his powers have not been overestimated. Sullivan will need both pluck and luck in the coming encounter, which will, we think, be settled in twenty rounds or less, and at the close of the contest we think the champion belt will be found in Ryan's corner."

WHY HE SWORE.

A Joke Which Led to an Arrest on the Charge of Insanity

Gallagher and Smith recently went away together and stopped at the same hotel in Iowa City. Their rooms were together with a door between. Smith started to shave, but discovered there were no towels in the room. Said Gallagher: "I'm going down stairs and will order some sent up." He left, and Smith proceeded to lather his face. Gallagher went to the office, but he did not order towels. He said: "That man with me has fits of violent insanity and I think he's got one on him now." This said, Gallagher went out for a stroll. A waiter went up to Smith's room to reconnoitre. He was waiting impatiently for the towels. The longer he waited the uglier he got. He swore vigorously. The waiter heard and went down stairs and reported. Meantime Smith got tired of waiting and rang the bell. Nobody dared respond. He rang again vigorously, and heartily cursed their delay. By that time the clerk and two waiters were outside his door listening. They thought he must be very loony, and he couldn't understand why his bell wasn't answered. He rang it with all his might, and the maledictions he heaped on Gallagher and the house were frightful. He had got his face lathered and could neither proceed nor remove the lather till he got the towels, and as he was in great haste to get to a wedding that he had come to town to see, and the time was growing short, the delay made him nearly delirious. The listening party in the entry increased as time sped. Finally Smith could stand it no longer. He started out to get towels himself. With coat off, face lathered and razor in hand he did look mad. As he came out the listeners fled with howls. He called to them to stop, but they would not. He pursued. Everybody fled from him. Amazed, he rushed at everybody he saw to get an explanation. The house was put in a state of the wildest excitement as they raced over it, up and down stairs and across halls and parlors. Finally they trapped him in a closet and shut the door. Then they sent for the police and a doctor, and when they opened the door and Smith stepped out he was secured. Protests and explanations availed naught until Gallagher returned and rescued him.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pull-man-and woman or Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars.

PROF. Wm. C. McCLELLAN.

Now Matched to Fight George Rooke for One Thousand Dollars

In last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we published a picture of Prof. Wm. C. McClellan and we now give a sketch of his battles in the ring.

On the 25th inst. George Rooke, the middle-weight champion, and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan fight for \$1,000 and the championship of middle-weights. The battle promises to be an interesting one as both men are well known in prize ring circles and have fought several well contested battles.

McClellan was born in New England. He is thirty-three years of age, stands five feet eight inches in height and weighs 146 pounds. McClellan has fought eight times, his first battle was with Prof. Dole, of Yale College, at New Haven, and lasted one hour and three minutes. His second contest was with John Cash in this city, which lasted sixteen minutes and was won easily by McClellan. McClellan then fought a glove contest with Billy Edwards, the ex-champion of light-weights, at the latter's benefit at Madison Square Garden, March 19. McClellan was much the larger man, being two inches taller and at least twenty pounds the heavier. When the champions mounted the platform a rousing cheer was given and the men passed to their respective corners. Edwards was in fighting costume, bare to the waist, with tight drawers, white stockings and ankle boots. McClellan was similarly dressed, with the exception of having a thin undershirt on. Harry Hill called time, and the combatants walked quickly up to the centre of the ring and began. McClellan rushed at Edwards in a moment, leading off with his left hand, which was stopped very prettily by Edwards; but in a moment afterward they were both slashing away at each other left and right, within distance and out of distance, paying no attention to the rules which professors of the art commonly endeavor to teach their pupils. They continued pounding each other for four rounds when Harry Hill, who was referee, stopped them.

McClellan was then matched to fight James Murray, of Philadelphia, with hard gloves, Queensbury rules. The battle was fought in New York. Both pugilists made a fine display of courage and science throughout, and McClellan won after eleven rounds. His next fight was with Harry Hicken, of Philadelphia, which was to be of an hour's duration. Hicken managed, by dodging and running about from McClellan, to make a draw of it. The fifth engagement of McClellan was with a clever boxer from Boston, named McDermot, who was disposed of in twenty minutes after a terrific battle.

A match was then arranged between Mike Donovan, brother to the once redoubtable Jerry Donovan, of Chicago, now of Cohoes, N. Y. The pugilists fought with gloves, Queensbury rules, for \$500 on April 5, 1878. The battle was a desperate one and McClellan won by a foul. Another match was arranged and McClellan and Donovan fought in May, 1878, in a noted boxing school in Sixth avenue, New York. After seven rounds had been fought McClellan was knocked into a chair in his corner and Donovan struck him while in this position. Cries of "foul" were raised and McClellan refused to fight unless the claim was allowed.

A scene of disturbance then ensued. Every man was on his feet to ascertain what all the confusion was about, and during this time the referee called "Ready! Time!" The seconds of McClellan took him away.

The referee soon afterward announced to the crowd that Donovan had won the fight and money. Time, eighteen minutes. And then the crowd dispersed.

Donovan received the stakes and then went to San Francisco. McClellan challenged him to fight again; Donovan accepted and McClellan left for the Pacific Slope. Before he arrived there Donovan left for Chicago, but on learning of McClellan's arrival returned to the Golden Gate and the match was made. The pugilists fought for \$1,000 at San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 18, 1879. Ninety-three rounds were fought and the battle ended in a draw.

Recently McClellan published a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE to fight George Rooke for the middle-weight championship and \$1,000 and the challenge brought about the present match.

A MULE-WHACKER'S NERVE.

How He Snuffed Out "Major Sanger, of the Army, Sir."

The following story of a well-known army officer, who has recently been located at Fort Lincoln, Neb., will be enjoyed in army circles. The Major, although a plucky little fellow, is very diminutive in stature, and is known as a "bantam" in military slang.

He was returning one day from Bismark to Fort Lincoln, which is across the river, and the ambulance in which he was riding was delayed by a team and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule-whackers in that country. The driver of the ambulance and

the mule-whacker got into a wordy altercation, and Major Sanger became very indignant at what he believed to be impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He jumped from the ambulance a Tom Thumb in size, but a veritable Goliath in fury, and exclaimed:

"Get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker looked at him quizzically, and asked:

"Who the deuce are you?"

"I am Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and I want you to get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker ejected a mouthful of tobacco into the road, and remarked:

"Do you know what I will do with you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth?"

"What will you do?" inquired the major, looking as large and fierce as possible.

"I'll set a mouse-trap, and catch you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and give you to my puppy to play with."

BOGUS ROBBERIES.

How Men Use the Police Department to Square Themselves

"More than one-half the men who come into this office and claim to be robbed," said Chief Speers, of Kansas City, to a reporter, "never lost a dollar. Here is an instance," he continued, "by way of explanation:"

A man came in here not long since and claimed to have been robbed of a considerable sum. I questioned him closely, and he told me that he had come to the money for a firm in the east. He was sitting in a hotel when he was robbed, but could not tell how it was done or by whom. I asked him how he came to carry so much money around for a week, as he stated, without making a deposit or communication with the owner. He said he had written the very evening he had been robbed. The fact in the case is that he was not robbed at all.

He collected the money, put it away or gambled it away, and then reported he was robbed. By giving the thing to the newspapers he was enabled to give color to the assertion and thus blind the owner of the money.

"Have you ever found similar cases?" inquired the reporter.

"Fully one-half of the robberies reported are bogus. There is a case I have in mind which occurred several years ago. A traveler for a jewelry house put up at a certain hotel with a large stock of diamonds, watches, etc. One morning he came to me, apparently much agitated, and he told me he had been robbed. He said he had left his room for a few minutes and upon returning found the jewelry gone. The loss amounted to thousands of dollars. I went up and examined the room. The door was locked, and another door entering into another room was securely bolted. The jewelry man believed that an entrance had been effected over the transom of this door. I examined closely and discovered that the dust upon this transom had not been disturbed. I came to the conclusion that the victim had robbed himself. Soon afterwards one of the firm came in and interviewed me. I told him my suspicions and said, 'Mark my word, That man will leave your employ in a short time.' He refused to believe me, but in less than a year the drummer opened a large jewelry store in a western city. That proved it."

"Are there many cases like this?"

"A great many, but the majority are small robberies. For instance, a man lives high and beyond his means. He has bills coming due which he must pay. He finds that he cannot possibly do so. He tries every way to invent some excuse, and finally hits upon the idea of robbery. He starts home, disarranges his clothing and rushes back to the police station. He says he has been robbed, and tells his story. We cannot disprove it and it goes into the newspapers as an actual fact. His creditors see it, and when they come round to collect, if they come at all, they are met with a very good excuse. Then again, there are men who spend their money on women or whisky, and have to account to their wives. They get robbed, too, in their mind. They will spend a night in playing poker and in drinking. Their wives know almost to a cent how much money they ought to have and the men know they must excuse themselves. Some of them are keeping women. They see the emergency and meet it by getting robbed by highwaymen. They set the sum at the necessary figures, and as stated before, their wives see it in the newspapers and everything is serene."

"I suppose this annoys you very much?" said the reporter.

"One highway robbery, genuine, will cause a half dozen bogus reports and the people become terror stricken and blame the police. We can't prevent it, and have to stand the racket. When the gambling house was running the matter was much worse. Men used to gamble and lose money they had to account for. Their only source was to claim they had been robbed. A great many clerks squared themselves this way. I could name hundreds of cases in my twelve years experience, in which men have played this game, and I suppose it will continue until the millennium."

Madame Du Pree.

At Los Vegas, N. M., on Oct. 22, Madame Du Pree accomplished the wonderful pedestrian feat of covering 492 miles in 143 hours 59 minutes. She started against three male pedestrians who each ran 48 hours and beat them. Edwards made 72 miles; Fowler 150 and Foster 150. Of course we have to credit the local papers of Los Vegas for the alleged scores.

Madame Du Pree is a native of Pennsylvania and claims to be forty years of age. If the scores are correct, Madame Du Pree beats the best record ever made by a female for six days. Amy Howard's 409 miles being the best previous record.



THE DREAM WANDERER.

HOW A FAIR YOUNG QUAKERESS STARTED ON A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE FROM BED TO ETERNITY, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MADAME DU PREE,

CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIENNE OF LOS VEGAS, N. M.

Amorous Militiamen.

The members of the Ninth Massachusetts Militia have left a very bad name in Richmond, Va., on the occasion of their recent visit. According to the local press some tore down the decorations from the houses and insulted the occupants, while gangs went about the streets attempting to kiss ladies and using foul epithets to them. A lot of them overtook some factory girls on Venable street and forcibly deprived them of their lunch baskets and attempted to take liberties with them. Before the train left for Yorktown they went among a lot of negro women, denizens of the lowest portion of the city, and hugged and kissed them and behaved otherwise in a disgusting manner. Their bad behavior was the talk of the town. Some of them were knocked down for insulting ladies on

the street. When the train upon which they returned from Yorktown passed through the city an indignant crowd composed of the brothers and fathers or friends of young ladies whom they had insulted, was waiting for the purpose of punishing them, but they would not let the train stop, and the crowd stoned it as it flew by.

Their conduct at Yorktown when they first arrived was equally reprehensible. A mob of them took possession of the Academy of Music there, and the proprietor was forced to close the performance.

Their behavior was such that both Northern and Southern soldiers did not care to associate with them.



MILITIAMEN ON THE LOOSE.

MASSACHUSETT'S HOME GUARDS, ON THEIR WAY TO YORKTOWN, PUBLISH THEIR MISCEGENATORY IDEAS TO THE DISGUST OF RICHMOND, VA.



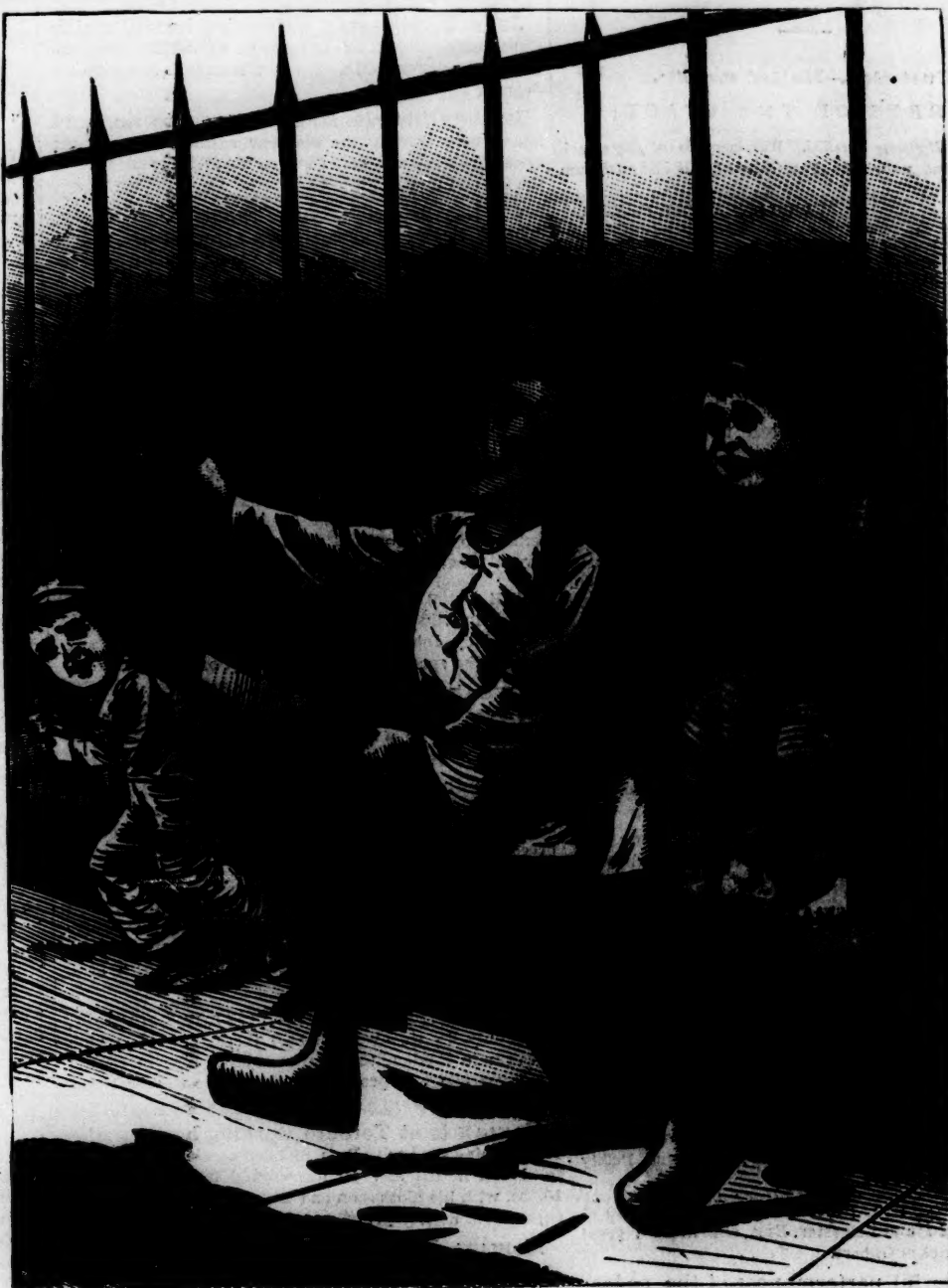
BEFORE THE BAR.

HOW A TEMPERATE HUSBAND CAUGHT HIS ERRING WIFE DURING THE "WEE, SMA' HOURS," AND RECOVERED A VALUABLE TIME-KEEPER; ST. JOSEPH, MO.



A LEAP TO ETERNITY.

THE DESPERATE VENGEANCE OF A PARISIAN DUPE ON THE MISTRESS WHO HAD BETRAYED HIM.



ANCHORED BY HIS PIGTAIL.

HOW A MOON-EYED LEPER WHO DOES NOT CONFORM TO AMERICAN CUSTOMS SUPPLIES THE STREET BOYS WITH FREE SMOKES; N. Y. CITY.

Harvey Mortier.

Harvey Mortier was hanged at Ukiah, Cal., on Oct. 14, for the murder of Richard Macpherson on March 25, 1880, on the ranch of Nels Offer, about a mile and a half south of Noyo, in Big River township, Cal. The cause which led to the murder was the disappearance, from a neighbor's place, of a wedge-axe, and which the murdered man had said was stolen by young Mortier. This coming to the ears of Frank Mortier, father of Harvey (according to the boy's story as told under oath at the coroner's inquest on the body of his victim), the father armed the boy with a Winchester rifle and made him hunt up and slay his traducer. Immediately on coming up to Macpherson an angry dispute took place between them relative to the wedge-axe, Mortier charging that Macpherson had stolen it, and the latter maintaining that Mortier was the thief. During the quarrel both of the young men occupied seats on a fallen tree, while Mr. Offer, the only witness to the homicide, was at work only a few paces distant. It was finally arranged that they should meet that evening at the house of the man who had lost the axe and determine which of them had stolen it. Not suspecting any harm, Macpherson and Offer, as soon as Harvey passed out



"HUG ME TIGHTER!"

THE MISTAKE OF A YOUNG LADY WHICH SHOCKED A MODEST GRIZZLY BEAR; NEAR IDAHO CITY, I. T.

shot me." Offer looked in the direction from which the report of the gun came, and there saw the murderer, in a crouching position behind some brush, with rifle in hand and a wreath of smoke curling up from its muzzle. Mortier was 19 years old.

M. I. Mead.

M. I. Mead has come into public notice at Belvidere, Neb., by leaving the county with Scott Bushnell's wife, and it is alleged with other property. He was caught at Belleville, Kan., and in default of bail was sent to jail to await trial on a charge of adultery.

Maria Mashed Him.

Mrs. Mary Fry, of Unionville, O., the comely appearing wife of a well-to-do farmer, last week eloped with Jed Davis, a young man who had been working on the Fry farm five or six months. Fry was in town when the treacherous couple left, and on returning home found a note from Davis telling him that he was well aware of the enormity of his offense, but Mary had mashed him, and he was powerless to resist the temptation. Mrs. Fry added a brief, business-like postscript, urging her husband



HARVEY MORTIER,

HUNG AT UKIAH, CAL., ON OCT. 14, 1881, FOR THE MURDER OF RICHARD MACPHERSON.



M. I. MEAD,

RAN AWAY FROM BELVIDERE, NEB., WITH MRS. SCOTT BUSHNELL; CAUGHT AT BELLEVILLE, KAN.

of sight among the bushes, resumed their work; but only a few minutes elapsed from the time the murderer left his intended victim until the report of a rifle was heard, and Macpherson exclaimed: "Harvey Mortier has

to procure a decree of divorce right away and marry a certain widow lady of the neighborhood, who, she was quite sure, would be good to the seven small Frys she was leaving to his care.

SPORTING NEWS.

Just-Out.—Mailed for 30c.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

or, Playhouse Mysteries Unveiled. With upwards of fifty superb illustrations and portraits. The cheapest and best work ever published.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

THE Chicago Driving Park cleared \$18,228 this year.

KANSAS boasts of a runner who can cover 100 yards in 9 1/4s.

BAY BILLY, recently sold for \$5,000, was bought two years ago for \$175.

CHARLES REED's, the noted turfman, Thora has won the sum of \$15,250 this season.

GEORGE FORDHAM was offered \$3,000 to change his mount from Reveler to Foxhall in the Cesarewitch.

FRED. ROGERS is very anxious to run Crossley a hundred-yard race for \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, recently, Wm. Cummings, the Scotch champion, ran a mile in 4m. 18 3/4s.

LOUIS FOY's trotter, Louis F., recently ran away and broke one of his legs. He was valued at \$2,000.

EMMA B., the fast trotting mare, has won a small fortune for her owner, Jim Keenan of Boston, this season.

W. M. HEDGES, of Newburg, has sold his new purchase, William H., to W. J. Gordon of Cleveland for \$15,000.

UNDER the new order of affairs, next season, in all League base ball clubs, one of the nine will be the manager.

HOMER LANE, the ex-champion wrestler, is now giving wrestling exhibitions at Maynard's in San Francisco.

SYRACUSE is agitating the subject of a base ball nine in that city next year, to form one of the new league teams.

No match has yet been arranged between Bryan Campbell and Charles Norton, the pugilists, now in Leadville, Col.

LOUISVILLE sports propose another great dog fight. The stakes will be \$2,500 a side, and Paddy will represent New York.

TOM ALLEN, the pugilist, recently gave a sparring exhibition at Leicester, Eng., and made a great set-to with Tompkin Gilbert.

THE wonderful performances of the pedestrians and equines this season will greatly change the table of fast performances.

MADAME DU PRE, the female pedestrienne, is said to have covered 402 miles in six days at Baca Hall, Los Vegas, N. M., on Oct. 23.

FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, is credited with 181 wins out of 431 mounts, averaging one win in a fraction less than 2 1/4 mounts.

ROLLINSON, of Chicago, has accepted the challenge of Prince to ride a bicycle race for the championship of America and \$1,000.

At Sacramento, Cal., in the free stake, two miles and a quarter run, Clara D., by imp. Glenelg, distinguished herself by winning in 3:50.

THE club-swinging match between Ike Meyers, of the Bowery, and Andy Morris' Unknown, of the Fifth Ward has not yet been arranged.

JIM RAWLINS, the pugilist, who fought and was defeated by Tim Collins in England, has arrived, and is now boxing at O'nevy Geoghegan's.

THE Buffalo base ball nine for next season will include James O'Rourke, Brothers, Richardson, Foley, Force, Galvin, Purcell and Jim White.

At Mystic Park, Boston, recently, Charles Leroy, using ten horses, attempted to ride 20 miles in an hour, and completed the task in 50m. 56 1/4s.

DONAHUE, of New Haven, Conn., has not yet covered Sweeney's forfeit, which we hold, to fight with gloves, London Prize Ring Rules, for \$100 a side.

J. WATTS, the jockey who piloted Foxhall to victory in his race for the Cambridgeshire, stands fourth in the published list of winning jockeys.

At San Francisco, Cal., recently, Romero, the four-year-old stallion, trotted the first heat of a race, which he won in three straight heats, in 2:22 1/2.

SULLIVAN, the pugilist, has made between six and seven thousand dollars giving sparring exhibitions at Chicago, New York, Troy and Philadelphia.

At Chicago, Ill., R. A. Pennell is out with a challenge to put up dumb-bells and lift heavy weights against any man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

A SPORTING man of Portland, Me., offers a purse of \$5,000, provided the Hanlan-Ross match is rowed in June, and he be allowed to name the course.

THE all-United States 135-yard handicap, to take place at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, promises to have a large number of starters.

HANLAN agrees to row at St. Louis, but Wallace Ross objects and as long as there is an objection there is little likelihood of the scullers meeting on the water.

THE winner of the coming prize fight between George Rooke and Wm. C. McClellan will probably accept the challenge of Capt. James Dalton, of Chicago.

At Louisville, Ky., in December, there is to be a grand six-day cocking main, in which all the champion fowls of the South will face each other in battle array.

NEXT year Detroit will do away with change pitchers and catchers in the sense they are now spoken of, and will alternate the pitchers and catchers in each game.

In England Walton, of this city, lost £10,000 on Irquois being beaten by Bend Or. He won £10,000 on Nellie winning the great Challenge Stakes, and £3,000 on Foxhall.

MIKE MCCOOLE intends attending the great prize fight between Ryan and Sullivan for \$5,000, which is to be fought on February 7, within one hundred miles of New Orleans.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN writes that he will match Capt. James Dalton of Chicago to fight Mike Donovan of New York for \$500 a side. Sullivan fails to send on a deposit, however.

If the Hillsdale, Mich., four go to England next year to row in the amateur regattas we will get even with the foreigners for their shameful treatment of the Cornell idiots.

At Bay District, San Francisco, recently, John W. Mackay's filly Eva, sister to Sweetheart, trotted in 2:26, which is a half second faster than Sweetheart trotted when two years old.

AFTER all the challenges, etc., Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan desire to break up the proposed boat race, and there is every indication that the rival oarsmen will not row this season.

At Bolton, Eng., recently, Charles Green and John Conner wrestled Lancashire style for £50. Each gained a fall, and the match ended in a draw after wrestling one hour and ten minutes.

ACCORDING to present indications the supply of first-class catchers in the League will be very limited next season. Clapp and Gross have been shelved, and several others are being watched pretty closely.

THE picture of Wm. C. McClellan, which appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE last week was photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery. Mr. Wood supplies all the sporting pictures for the POLICE GAZETTE.

MIKE CLEARY, the Philadelphia pugilist, has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE office, but failed to send on a deposit, therefore it will lay over until Cleary proves he is in earnest by sending a forfeit.

NOT being able to vanquish Foxhall and Irquois, Englishmen advance the theory that neither the Derby nor the Cesarewitch winner "is of American breed." They must, however, allow Myers is an American.

THE series of triumphs so cleverly achieved by the American horses are chiefly owing to the excellent judgment exercised in their breeding, with which, however, the climate they are reared in has not a little to do.

THE triumph of Americans is now complete, as not only do we own the best three-year-olds which have run in England this year, but have also in Gerald a two-year-old who promises to ripen into the best colt of next year.

HANLAN is at Toronto working hard for the forthcoming race with Ross, and declares that he never felt better in his life. He has worked himself down to 162 lbs. with his clothes on and now has not much really superfluous flesh to get off.

MICHAEL DONAHUE's \$50 which was posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office with a challenge to wrestle any man in America collar-and-elbow at 133 pounds and the light-weight championship, still remains uncovered. Where are all the light-weight wrestlers?

ON Oct. 29, 1881, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, paid the \$2,000 stake money in the Crib and Pilot dog-fight to Charles Lloyd, the owner of Pilot, on receiving a written decision from the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE that Pilot won.

At the Baltimore, Md., races the sickness of Hindoo marred the sport, and many claimed that the Dwyer Brothers were in with the book-makers, because Hindoo did not start in the Dixie. Hindoo is away off, and could not have run in the Dixie. Hindoo is a mere wreck of his former self.

ON Monday, Nov. 14, James Smith, the ex-champion pedestrian, will be tendered a benefit at Wood's Athletic Ground's, corner of North Ninth and Second sts., Williamsburg, L. I. Chas. Rowell, Billy Edwards and all the champion athletes will appear in boxing, wrestling, running and walking contests.

THE series of proposed boat races between Davis and Kennedy of Portland, Me., and Conley and Hamm, of Halifax, N. S., for \$3,000, will hardly take place this season, unless the four should adjourn to Florida and make a winter campaign, and it is probable that the races must be deferred until next June.

MAJOR JOHN CLARK, Lexington, Kentucky, another candidate for turf honors, has in James Murphy's stables two fillies, said to be the best that ever trod the sod. One is a bay yearling, Vera, by King Alfonso, that has shown speed far above all the records. The other is a sorrel yearling, Madrigal, by Pat Molloy, that shows very fast. Both are in splendid condition and great things are looked for from them.

SULLIVAN's, the pugilist, colors for his great battle with Paddy Ryan will be a white silk handkerchief with a green border; in the left hand upper corner will be an American flag, in the right hand upper corner an Irish flag, in the lower left hand corner an American flag and in the lower right hand corner an Irish flag. In the center will be the American eagle. The colors will be made in England and promise to be a beautiful design.

EFFORTS are making among base ball men to form a league to be known as the Western Base Ball Association, and another as the Eastern Association, to be under the government of a central society to be known as the National Base Ball League. The object is to arrange a schedule of games between the Western and Eastern clubs, the champion of each association to play a number of games for the final championship of the National League.

W. H. DAILY, of Santa Cruz, Cal., offers to arrange a swimming match with Harry Monroe of New York. Daily says he traveled from San Francisco, Cal., to New York to arrange a match with Captain M. Webb, the English swimmer, but on his arrival Webb would not back up his challenge and he lost \$300 by the trip. Daily says if Monroe will post \$250 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office that he will make a match to swim Monroe any distance for \$1,000.

THE second deposit of \$1,000 a side in the coming prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan will be posted with Harry Hill, the final stakeholder, on the 9th inst. Sullivan says he will post the next deposit himself. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will, through his representative, Wm. E. Harding, post \$1,000 on behalf of Ryan on or before the time named, so that there will be no forfeit on either side, as was expected by the croakers.

ANOTHER prize fight is on the tapis between Charley McDonald, of Canada, and Prof. J. Donaldson, of Cleveland, Ohio. At Pittsburgh, recently, McDonald and Donaldson had some words at Doc Gardner's sporting

house, when Donaldson offered to fight McDonald within 100 miles of the Smoky City, for \$500 a side. McDonald refused to arrange a match, but agreed to fight Donaldson for \$500 in the same ring with Ryan and Sullivan. At last advice both men were challenging each other, but no match was arranged.

MIKE DONOVAN's, the ex-middle-weight champion pugilist, sparring exhibition in New York was a grand success. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers made the most exciting bout of the evening. Donovan had offered John L. Sullivan, now matched to fight Paddy Ryan, fifty dollars to box him four rounds. Sullivan came on from Philadelphia on purpose to meet Donovan, but the rival pugilists did not meet, although Sullivan was willing. George Rooke, now matched to fight Wm. C. McClellan, and Donovan ended the exhibition.

THE following challenge explains itself:

"New York, Nov. 2, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Sir—Seeing a challenge from the sporting men of Chicago that they have a colored man, that they will match against me, in reply I would state that I will fight this man at 128 pounds for \$500 a side in six weeks, signing articles. The fight to take place within 100 miles of New York. If a match is made I will give the Chicago man \$50 for expenses. I mean business and no newspaper talk. GEORGE TAYLOR."

THE International O'Leary belt, won by John Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE entry, when he covered 568 miles, is still held by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. The stakeholder, Bryan McSwyny, withheld \$500 of the \$4,200 stakes won by the POLICE GAZETTE entry and refuses to refund it. The alleged sporting sheet that informed its readers that McSwyny had possession of the belt is false. The POLICE GAZETTE is willing to give up the belt when Messrs. O'Leary and McSwyny pay the \$500, but they refuse to do so simply because the belt only cost \$300.

EDWARD A. TRICKETT of Australia, who in England, a year ago, was easily beaten by Edward Hanlan, Elias C. Laycock and Warren E. Smith; and in Canada, last September, was outwrestled by Wallace Ross, J. Conley and Charles Courtney, is just now playing a star engagement at St. Louis, Mo., from which new base he challenges Hanlan for a \$1,000 match. Hanlan promptly accepts, if the railway will give him \$270, and a liberal percentage of their receipts, the same price which they have already agreed to pay for the Hanlan-Ross match. In a genuine race the odds on Hanlan against Trickett should be about all St. Louis against a flat-boat, and if we cannot admire Trickett's aquatic ability, we must, at least, reverence his sublime impudence. Trickett says: "when he defeats Hanlan and wins the single scull championship of the world he will return to Australia." Many of Trickett's old friends will be dead and buried before he returns.

THE great wrestling match at the London Theatre, New York, between John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, and Wm. Kennedy, ended on October 20th, and resulted in a victory for McMahon. Thomas Donaldson, the manager of the London Theatre, offered a purse of \$300 for McMahon and Kennedy to wrestle a series of nine matches, each match to be the best two falls in three. The contestants wrestled in harness instead of loose jackets, which is a new departure in this American style of wrestling. Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was referee. The wrestlers attracted a large crowd during each and every contest. McMahon won the match and received \$200 and Kennedy received \$100. Chalet, the champion ventriloquist of the world, awarded the purses, and announced that McMahon had posted \$250 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE to wrestle Dufur or any man living.

THE gentleman who takes charge of the sporting department of the Cincinnati Enquirer claims that Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is only matching Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for an advertisement and that the battle will not take place. In reply we would state that the circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE exceeds 100,000 and the journal requires no advertising. Richard K. Fox matched Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 a side merely out of friendship. And if Ryan is able to defeat Sullivan in a 24-foot ring on Feb. 7, 1882, Richard K. Fox will present Ryan with \$2,500. The fight will take place, as far as Ryan and the POLICE GAZETTE is concerned, and we believe that Sullivan will place no impediment in the way, as he is very confident that he can defeat Ryan. The remarks of the Sporting Editor of the Enquirer are therefore untrue. Neither pugilist will back down and neither will forfeit, and the great battle will be fought near New Orleans on Feb. 7.

At San Francisco, Cal., the proposed glove fight between Pete Lawler and Jack Keenan is not likely to take place. The pugnacious principals and their friends met at Patsy Hogan's sporting house, No. 1 Market street, to arrange a match. Lawler refused to sign articles unless the fight should take place according to the rules of the London prize ring. Keenan desired to polish off his rival according to the excellent rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensbury. An agreement being impossible the negotiations were broken off. When the match was first spoken of Lawler consented to fight according to the Queensbury rules, and his action has greatly disgusted the "fancy." It is said that the real cause of his action was the refusal of Patsy Hogan to guarantee him \$100 in the event of his defeat by Keenan, who is a much smaller and lighter man. Hogan offered to raise the purse from \$300 to \$500, so as to give Lawler a chance to make an extra hundred, but the man from Dublin did not relish that style of getting wealthy.

WE have received the following challenge, which was accompanied by \$50 forfeit to which we call the attention of George Rooke, Wm. C. McClellan and Tommy Chandler, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: I hereby challenge any man in America to fight me in a glove contest, Queensbury Rules, with hard gloves, within sixty days from the signing of articles, for the middle-weight championship of America and \$300 a side, George Rooke or Prof. Wm. McClellan preferred. I am willing to fight in New York, providing the friends of either of the above named parties will raise a purse of \$1,000 in addition to the stakes; said purse to be put into the hands of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, thirty days before the match. I mean business and not "in music." E closed please send check for \$50; the POLICE GAZETTE to name the final stakeholder. I also challenge Tom Chandler, of Chicago, Ill., to meet me in a hard glove contest for \$500 or \$1,000 a side in two weeks from signing articles, Queensbury Rules to govern. Yours, CAPT. JAMES DALTON.

PADDY RYAN, the champion pugilist, who is matched to fight John L. Sullivan, of Boston, for \$5,000, had a rousing exhibition at Pittsburgh, Pa., recently, and

the champion met with a grand reception. Regarding the exhibition the Pittsburgh Leader says:

"It was a grand affair. Ryan and Charles McDonald, the champion of Canada, closed the exhibition in a fine four-round display of science. The last round was somewhat spirited, and closed by Ryan's knocking Canada off his pins, and landing him in his corner, greatly to the amusement of the whole house, while from all quarters came numerous guys. McDonald is quite active, more so than Ryan, and understands all the points, but Ryan's guard is most admirable and perfect, while he walks upon his antagonist and rains in his powerful work. Ryan is very stout, and of aldermanic proportions. He weighs some 230 pounds, about 70 pounds more than last spring in his fight with Joe Goss. He will give three or four more exhibitions on his way to New Orleans, and then go into training for his second fight, which will undoubtedly be the greatest fight he will ever engage in. Johnny Roach, his trainer, is here with him and will train him for the fight with Jack Sullivan. His fighting weight is 185 pounds.

"Quite a number of those who took part in the exhibition have seen active service in the P. R., among them McCoy and McCaffery, Donaldson, who interested Jack Sullivan in Cincinnati last Christmas with hard gloves for nearly an hour, and Lafferty and Maloney, who had a hard battle at Turtle Creek some two years ago for \$500 a side, which lasted about an hour and a half."

AFTER all the boasting and challenges issued by the numerous collar-and-elbow wrestlers in the East, it seems strange that none of the burly athletes will pluck up courage to meet John McMahon, the champion, and struggle in the arena for the championship of America. McMahon says he is bound to either make these would-be champions put up or shut up, and he has posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and issues the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: Having heard that H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., is continually issuing challenges to wrestle me, and also styles himself champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America, I am anxious to prove that he is a boaster and will not wrestle for a dollar. I hold the championship, and stand ready to defend my claim to the title against all comers. I will wrestle Dufur or any man breathing, black or white, collar-and-elbow, best two in three fair back falls, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, for any amount from \$500 to \$5,000. To prove I mean business I deposit \$250 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE. Dufur will now have to wrestle or the public will believe he is afraid to meet me. If Dufur cannot find backers I will wrestle him for \$100 or anything, as I am eager to prove to the sporting public that he cannot defeat me. I will also give the \$250 that I have posted with the POLICE GAZETTE to any wrestler in the world that can throw me twice, collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE Rules, in one hour.

Respt. yours, JOHN McMAHON, Champion Collar-and-Elbow Wrestler of America.

McMahon means business, and we cannot for a moment see why a wrestler of Dufur's reputation refuses to meet the only athlete that stands between him and the prize and laurels he desires to wear—the collar and elbow championship. Both men are without a doubt the two greatest collar-and-elbow trippers in the world, and thousands of sporting men would journey to see them wrestle. Dufur, after claiming the title, should not be backward in arranging a match with the champion and settle the mooted question.

WE recently published the result of the great prize fight between Jimmy Highland and Jim Carney, who fought at 128 lbs., for £50 and the light-weight championship of England, which was fought at Cuttle Mills, eleven miles from Birmingham, England, on Oct. 11, 1881. The pugilists fought forty-three rounds in 1 hour and 45 minutes. At the conclusion of the forty-third round Highland's ribs were broken and he was frightfully punished. Carney also received terrible punishment and it was anybody's fight. The police arrived and arrested Carney; all the rest escaped. Highland fainted shortly after the fight and his punishment was so severe that medical aid was called in. He gradually grew worse, and the physicians gave up all hopes of his recovery. Highland died soon after the battle and his death created a sensation. Carney was afterwards committed, without bail, to appear for manslaughter. The Sporting Life, of London, sends the POLICE GAZETTE the following sketch of the pugilists: "Highland has appeared in the ring six times and only met defeat twice, and this was at the hands of Alfred Greenfield, who hails from Birmingham. Jim, who is 28 years of age and stands 5ft. 6 3/4 in., entered the ring about seven years ago, his opponent being Bob Habbijam, alias 'Cockney Bob.' The battle was for £10, and took place near Sutton, Highland defeating Habbijam in 1h. 30m. He next scored a victory over Copper Bradley, but this was with the gloves in Birmingham, the stakes being £10. This contest is said to have lasted 1h. 15m. Shortly after this he defeated Boxer Bradley, the fight taking place at Beggar's Bush and lasting 50m. Charley Norton was next pitted against Jim, and the fight came off at Northfield. The stakes were £25 a side and the light-weight championship. This fell to Jim, after fighting for 1h. 35m. Highland rested on his laurels for some time, but ultimately found a customer in Alf Greenfield. The contest took place at Packington and after a hard tussle, which lasted 1h. 17m., Jim for the first time was compelled to cry 'Hold, enough.' Alf weighed on this occasion 10st. 13lb., while Highland was at 9st. 11lb. These men also fought a glove contest under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, for a cup valued at £100, at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and this fell to Greenfield, Highland throwing Alf. After they had been fighting 15m., and this was his last appearance in the ring until the contest under notice. Carney is 24 years of age and stands 5ft. 4 1/2 in. His first engagement was with Paddy Giblin, the stakes being £10, and the mill took place at Bromford. After they had been fighting 11 minutes Carney delivered a terrific right-hand blow which broke Giblin's jaw, thus winning easily. He afterward beat Paddy Lee, near Earlswood, for £10, the fight lasting two hours. Pat Downey, of London, then took Jim on for £25 a side and the affair came off down the water at Purfleet, and after thirty-five minutes' hard fighting Jim scored his third victory. His last appearance in England was with Punch Callow, of London, for a purse. The fight took place near London on July 21, 1880, and lasted for 2h. 2m., during which time seventy-four rounds were got through and neither man appearing the of putting in the finishing touches on 'Uncle Joe' declared the battle a drawn one. In December, 1880, Carney, in company with Sam Breeze, Charley Higgs and John Ward, sailed for America on a sparring tour and during his residence there issued a challenge to Arthur Chambers for the light-weight championship of America for \$5,000 a side. Failing to get on with Chambers, he offered to concede any man in America 90b., but this came to nothing. In April of the present year he returned to England with Breeze, Higgs and Walker."

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher

SPORTING.

G. J. Wescott, Bangor, Me.—At Sing Sing, N. Y.

S. W. P. Rochester N. Y.—You win. Courtney never defeated Hanlan.

GRANGER, Cold Springs, Ind.—1. New Orleans is 1,375 miles from New York. 2. Not that we heard of.

M. S. Leadville.—You win. Wallace Ross defeated Hanlan in the Seekonk Regatta at Providence, R. I.

S. P. Chicago, Ill.—The distance of the Cesarewitch Handicap is two miles, two furlongs and twenty-three yards.

FRANK M., Buffalo, N. Y.—If you read the POLICE GAZETTE every week you will be kept posted on the approaching great prize fights.

H. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—We publish all sporting events we have space for. Sporting news and pictures of athletes have been received at all times.

HARRY O., Salamanca.—Jem Mace never fought John C. Heenan. They boxed in public at Tammany Hall in this city and the old Bowery Theatre.

A. S. Chicago, Ill.—The second deposit in the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight is to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office with the final stakeholder on Nov. 9, 1911.

G. L. Louisville, Ky.—1. Parole did beat Isomomy in England. 2. In the Newmarket Handicap, April 15, 1879, Parole carried 116 lbs. and Isomomy 124 lbs.

M. W. S., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Sam Collier, the pugilist, is still living. 2. He is no relation to James Collier, the actor. The former's right name is Walter Jamison.

G. W. Chelsea, Mass.—John L. Sullivan is 5 ft. 10 1/2 in. in height in his stocking feet. Billy Madden, his trainer, informs us that he will fight probably at 175 pounds.

BASE BALLIST, Chicago, Ill.—Only six teams played for the League base ball championship pennant in 1877. Boston, Hartford, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis.

M. B. Richmond, Va.—The largest State in the United States is Texas. It covers an area of 237,321 square miles. 2. It is understood New York State has the largest population.

Taro Boston, Mass.—Tom Hyer lived at 155 East Thirty-fifth street, New York when he died June 26, 1884. 2. Hyer was 45 years 5 months and 26 days old when he expired.

W. N. Racine, Wis.—James Owens defeated Jack H. Martin the Ypsilanti giant, in this city on May 30, 1877, in a match for \$2,000 and the collar-and-elbow championship of America.

PEDESTRIAN, Bradford, Pa.—1. Send your order to Bencke Brothers, corner of Mulberry and Canal streets, they will supply you with all kinds of first-class shoes. 2. Write to Peck & Snyder.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Nutwood, the trotting stallion, is now owned by J. C. Ferran & Co., of Louisville, Ky. 2. Nutwood has started in thirty trots, won fifteen and made a record of 2:18 3/4.

M. H., Hornersville, N. Y.—1. Flora Temple died near Philadelphia in the winter of 1877. 2. Maud S. 3. Great Eastern trotted a mile under saddle at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., in 2:15 3/4 on Sept. 22, 1877.

D. H., Baltimore, Md.—The date of the race between Wm. Elliott, the English champion, and Edward Hanlan, was June 18, 1879. The race was rowed over the Tyne championship course. Hanlan won easily in 21m. 1s.

M. W. Kansas City.—1. Yes. 2. Wm. Muldoon holds the championship medal for Græco-Roman wrestling. 3. The match between Clarence Whistler and Muldoon for the championship Græco-Roman style ended in a draw.

PUGILIST, Cincinnati, O.—Jemmy Massey, the pugilist, was born in Manche-ter, Eng., in 1824. 2. He stood 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighed 116 pounds. Massey came to this country in 1859. He died in Hamilton, Canada, Dec. 8, 1883.

HOODLUM, San Francisco, Cal.—Patay Hogan of your city is the light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope. Harry Maynard never fought for the light-weight championship. Hogan, however, must either fight for the title if challenged or retire.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. The following players will compete in the cushion carom tournament in this city: Sexton, Shaffer, Blosson, Dion, Morris, Gallagher and Wallace. 2. The prizes will be \$1,000 to the winner, \$700 to second man, \$300 to third and \$300 to fourth man.

ANDY G., Chicago, Ill.—1. Weston's best six-day score was 550 miles made in England when he won the Astley Belt. 2. Frank Hart's best record for six days is 565 miles, Rowell's, 568, Vint, 578; Hughes, when under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE, covered 589 miles.

FRANK S., Georgetown, D. C.—1. We make no charge for answering questions. 2. All correspondents' letters are answered in turn as soon as possible. 3. The first time the English single-scutt championship left England was when Edward Trickett defeated Joseph H. Sadler on June 27, 1876.

THE

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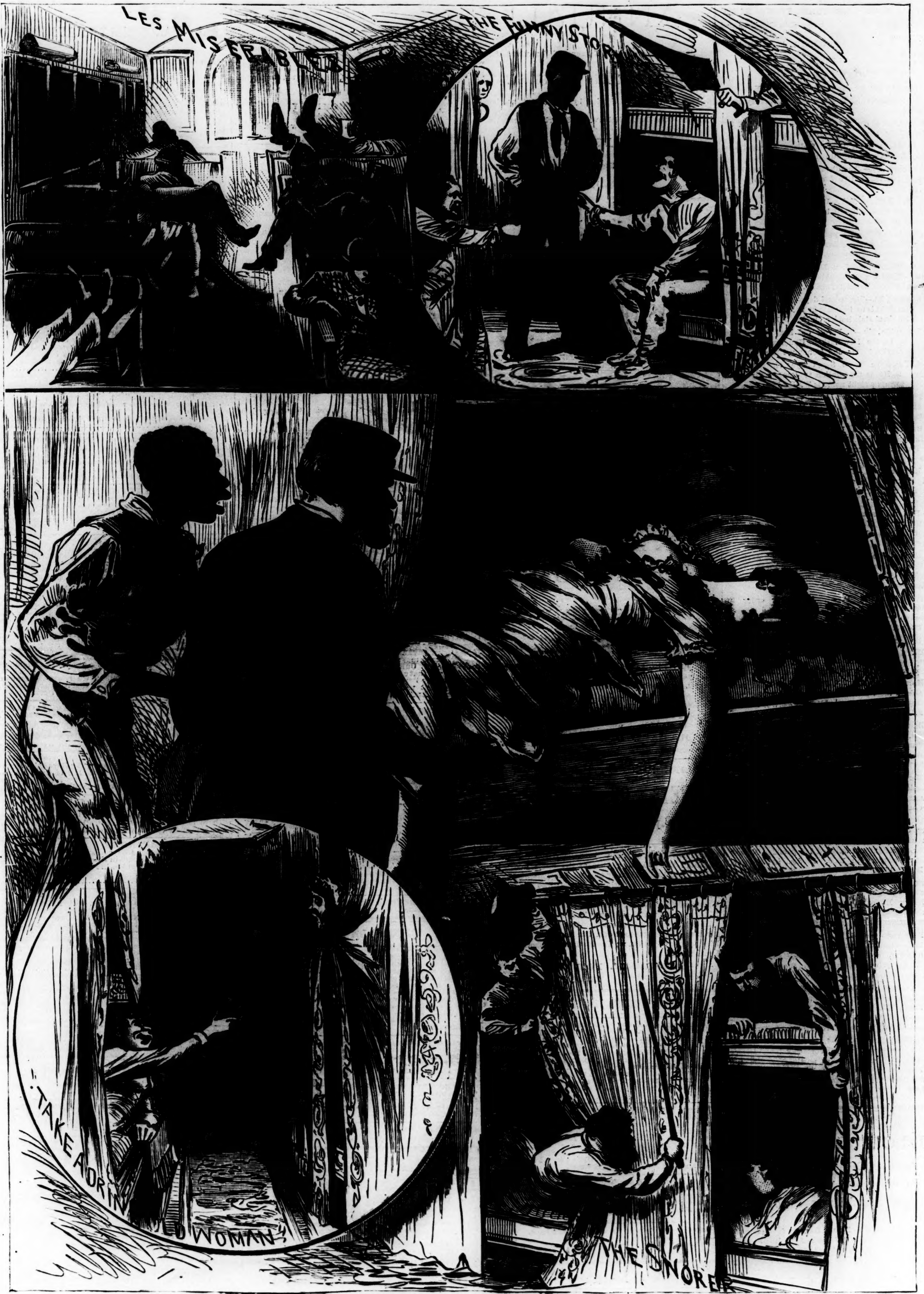
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